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# THE PIRATE FROG
## AND OTHER TALES

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BART

Authors of The Bandit Mouse

Lettering and Color Plates
BY FRED·R·BARTHOLOMEW

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Publishers



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A Fore Word:
This book is no arithmetic
To vex the mind of youth;
It's pages may, perhaps, appear
To be devoid of truth.
But by these tales the young who learn
To recognize a lie,
To that extent will know the truth,
And profit much thereby.

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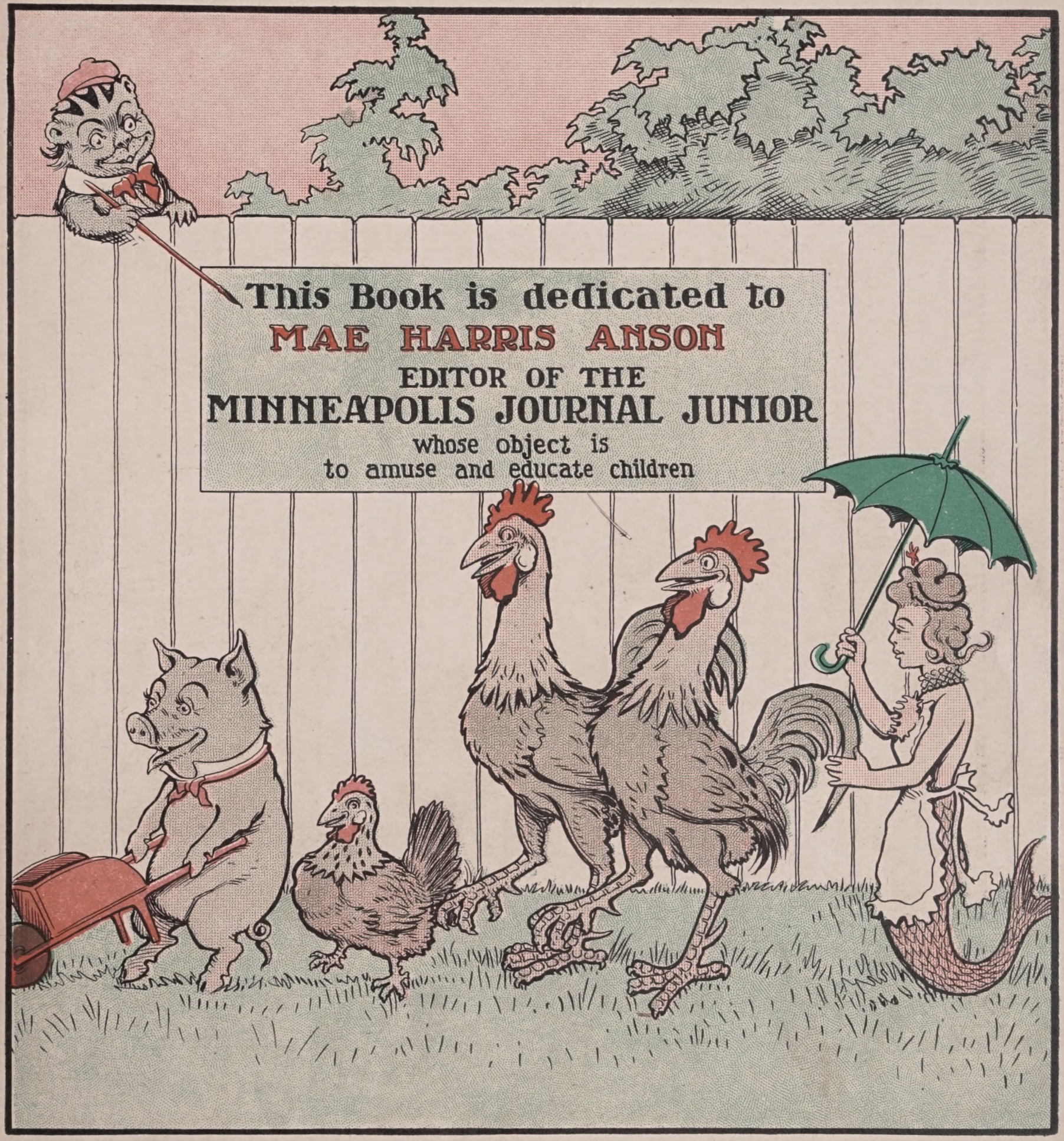
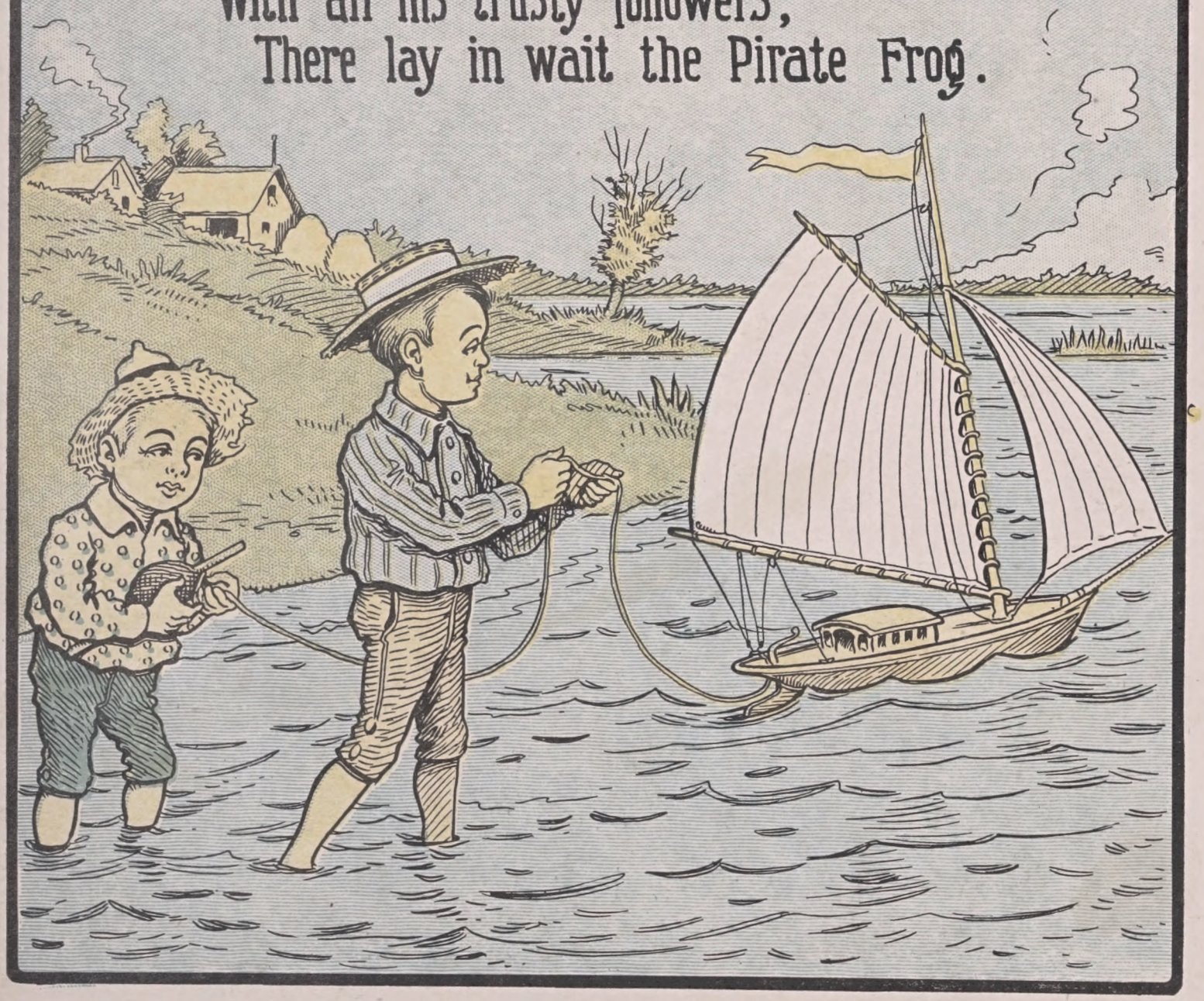
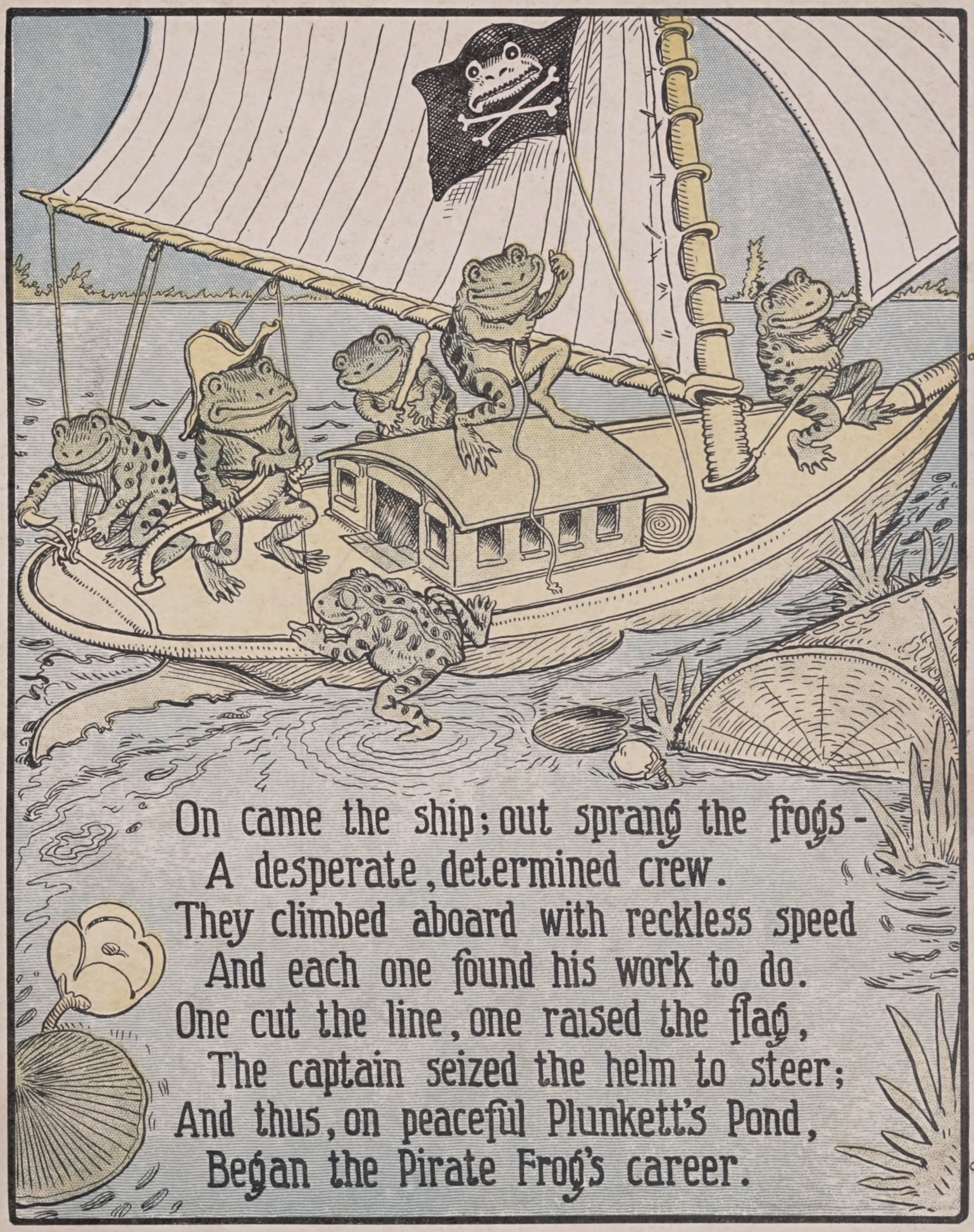

This Book is dedicated to
MAE HARRIS ANSON
EDITOR OF THE
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL JUNIOR
whose object is
to amuse and educate children

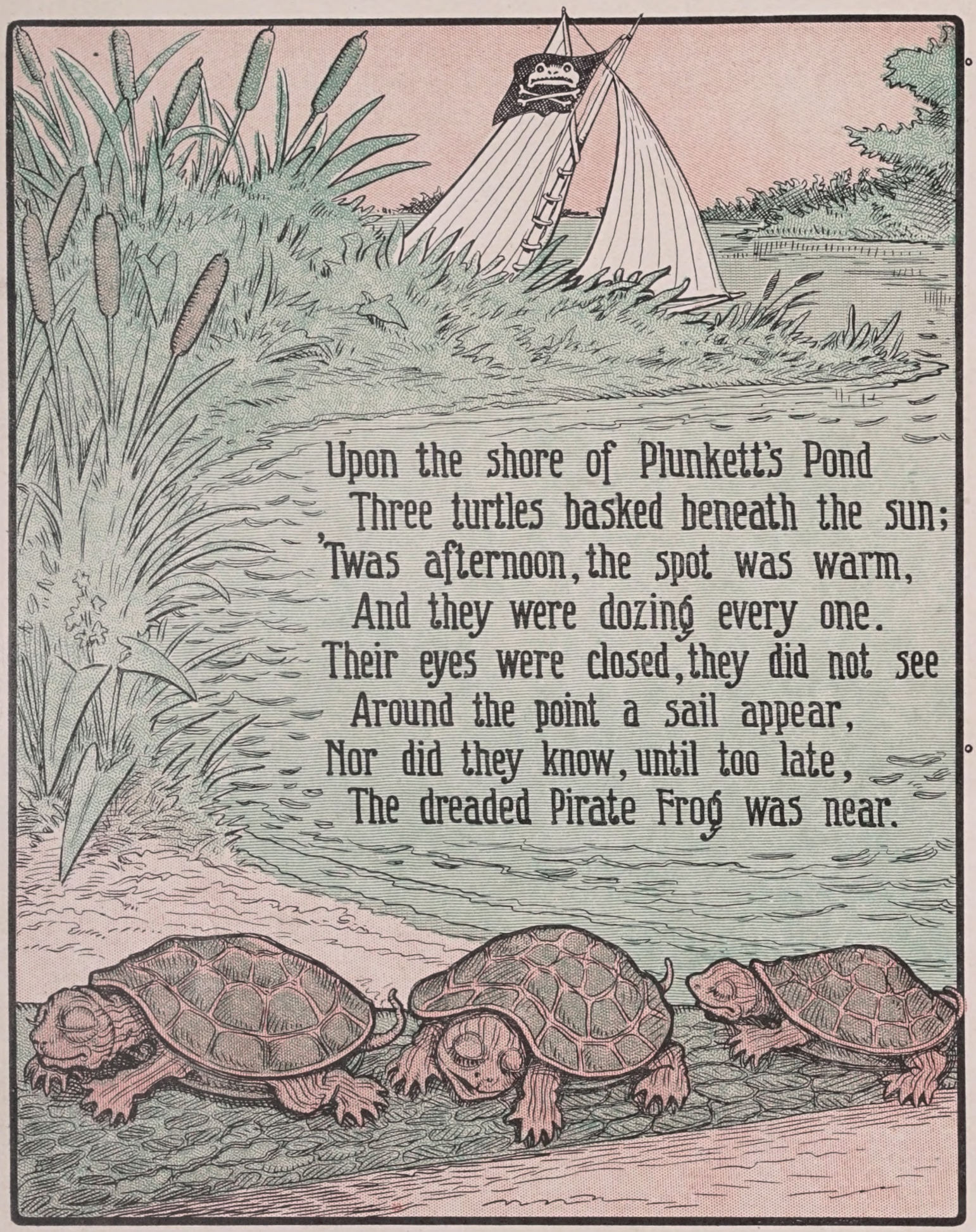
# THE PIRATE FROG.

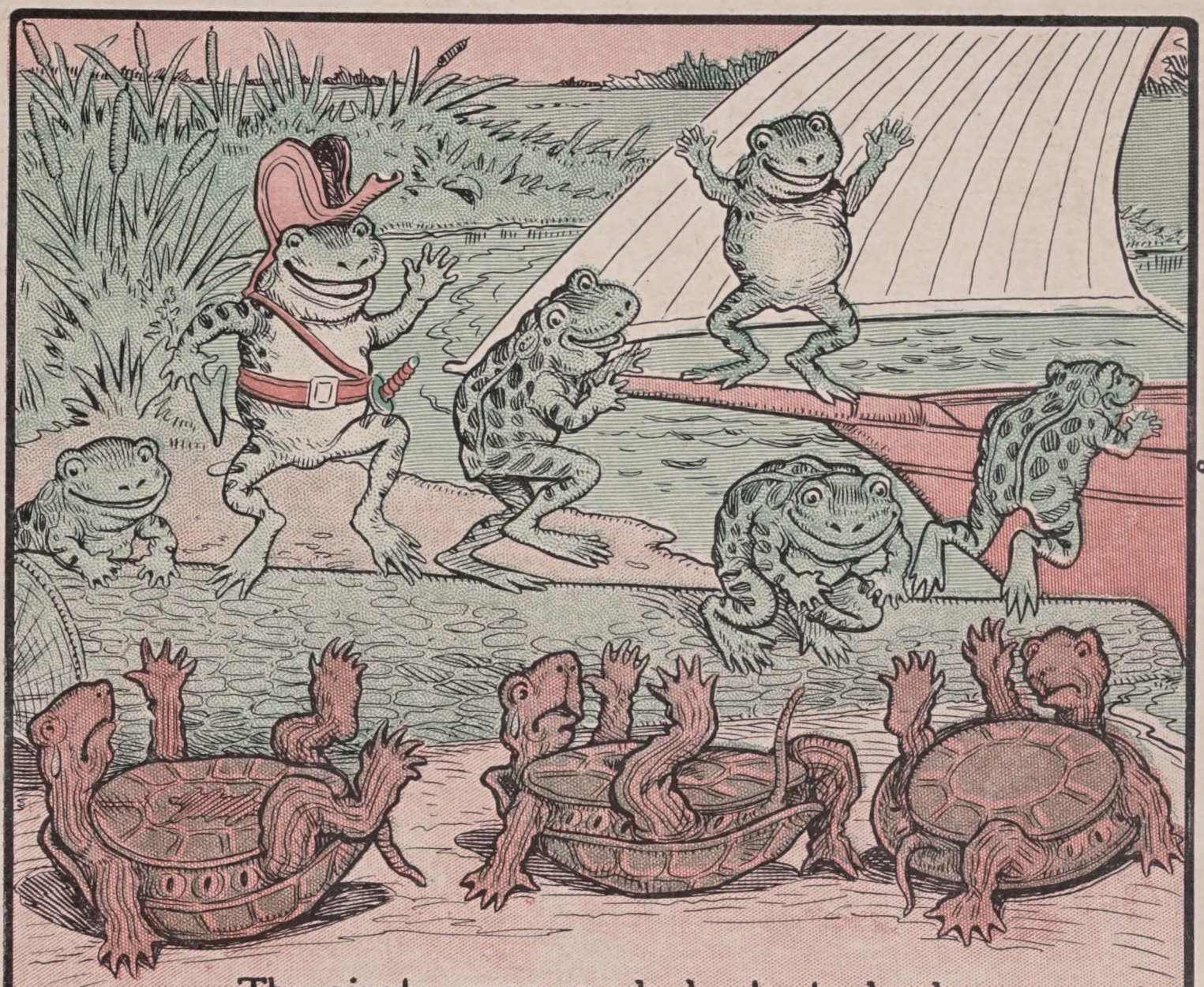
Some boys whose names I do not know,
Went out to sail their boat one day:
Fast to her stern they tied a line
So she could not sail far away
But little did those boys suspect
That, just beyond a floating log,
With all his trusty followers,
There lay in wait the Pirate Frog.



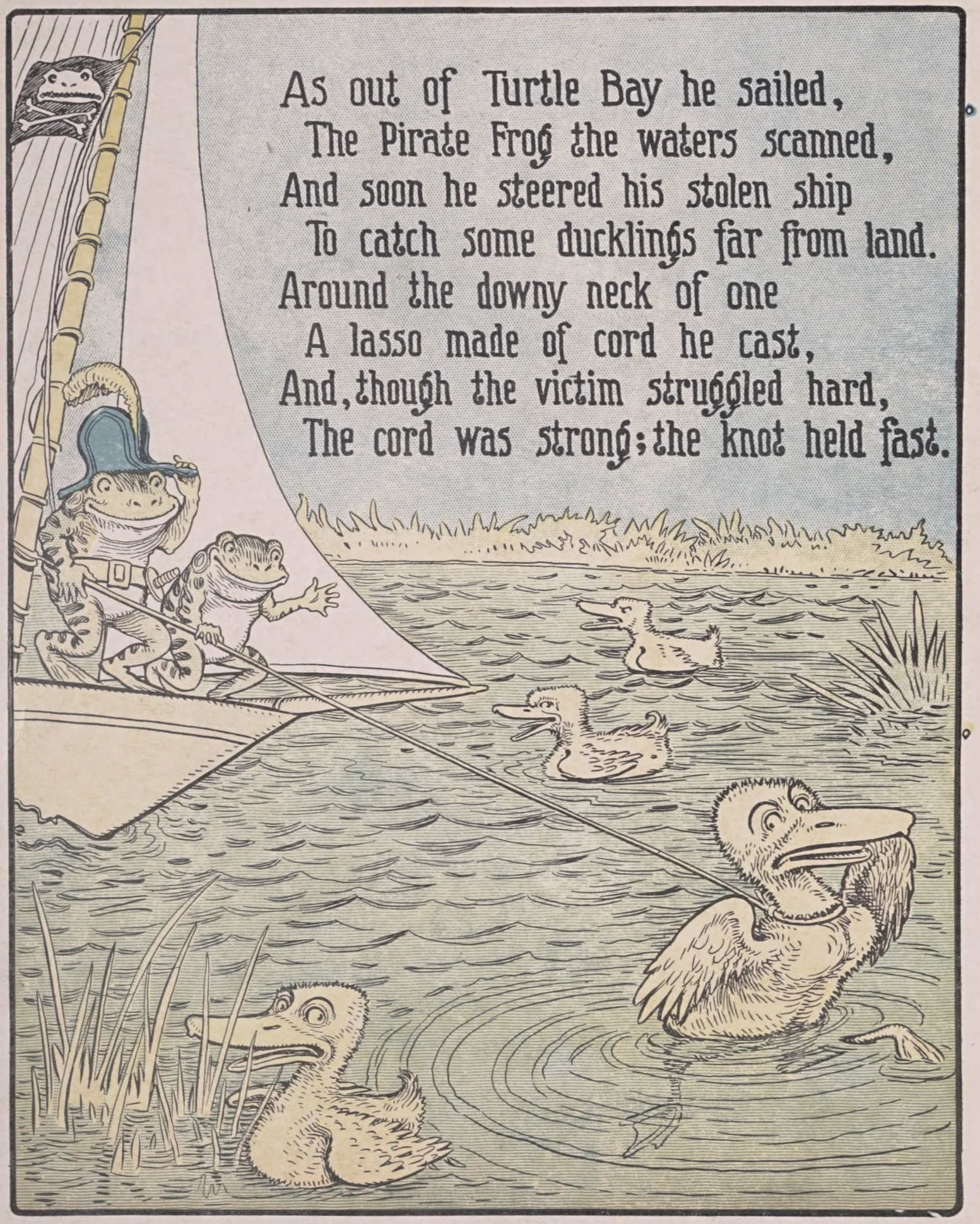


On came the ship; out sprang the frogs -
A desperate, determined crew.
They climbed aboard with reckless speed
And each one found his work to do.
One cut the line, one raised the flag,
The captain seized the helm to steer;
And thus, on peaceful Plunkett's Pond,
Began the Pirate Frog's career.

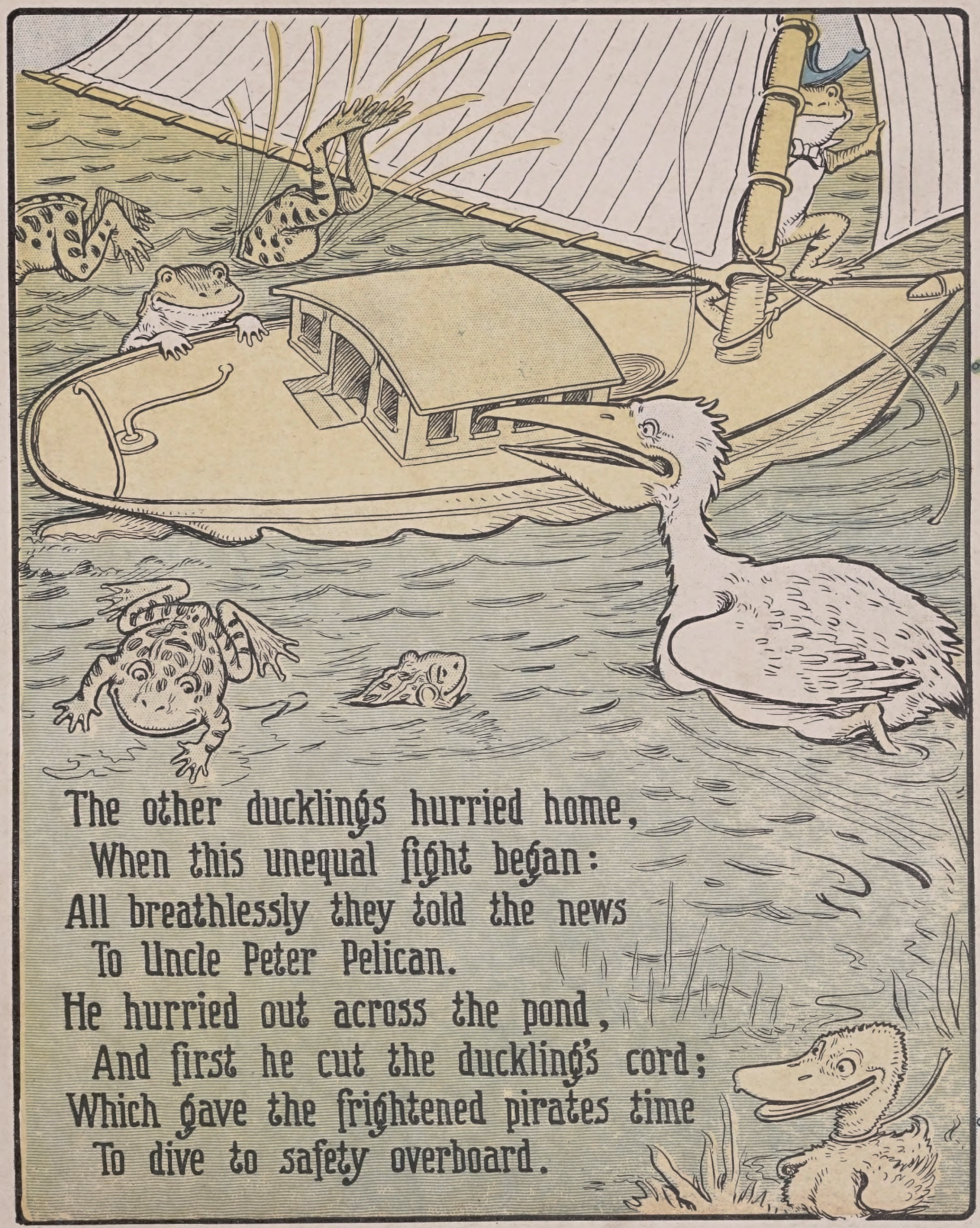

Upon the shore of Plunkett's Pond
Three turtles basked beneath the sun;
'Twas afternoon, the spot was warm,
And they were dozing every one.
Their eyes were closed, they did not see
Around the point a sail appear,
Nor did they know, until too late,
The dreaded Pirate Frog was near.



The pirate crew made haste to land:
They ran to where the turtles lay,
Turned all three quickly on their backs,
Then, hoisting sail, sped fast away.
For hours the turtles strained and scratched
To turn themselves, but all in vain,
Till Mrs. Muskrat came that way
And set them right side up again.

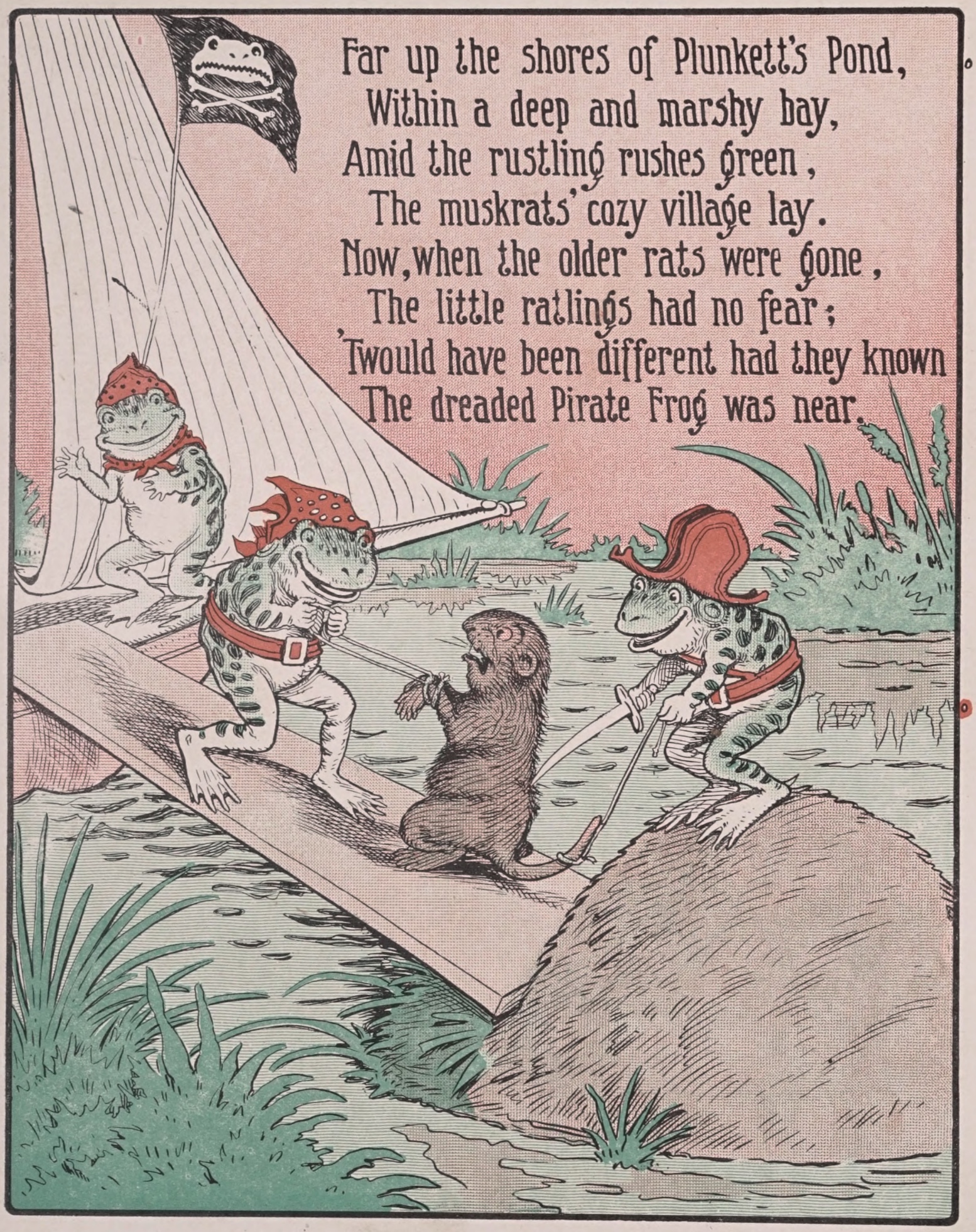


As out of Turtle Bay he sailed,
The Pirate Frog the waters scanned,
And soon he steered his stolen ship
To catch some ducklings far from land.
Around the downy neck of one
A lasso made of cord he cast,
And, though the victim struggled hard,
The cord was strong; the knot held fast.

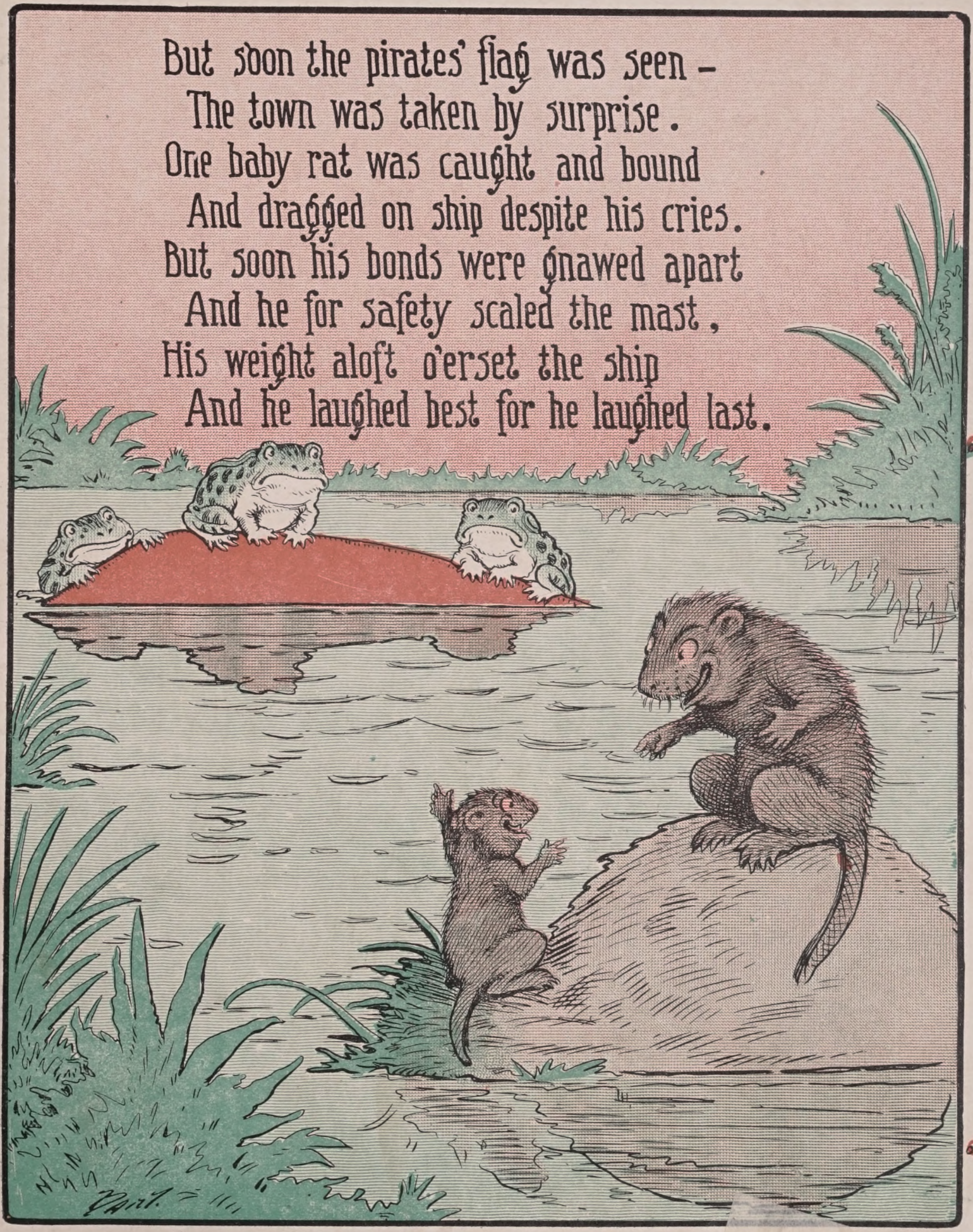


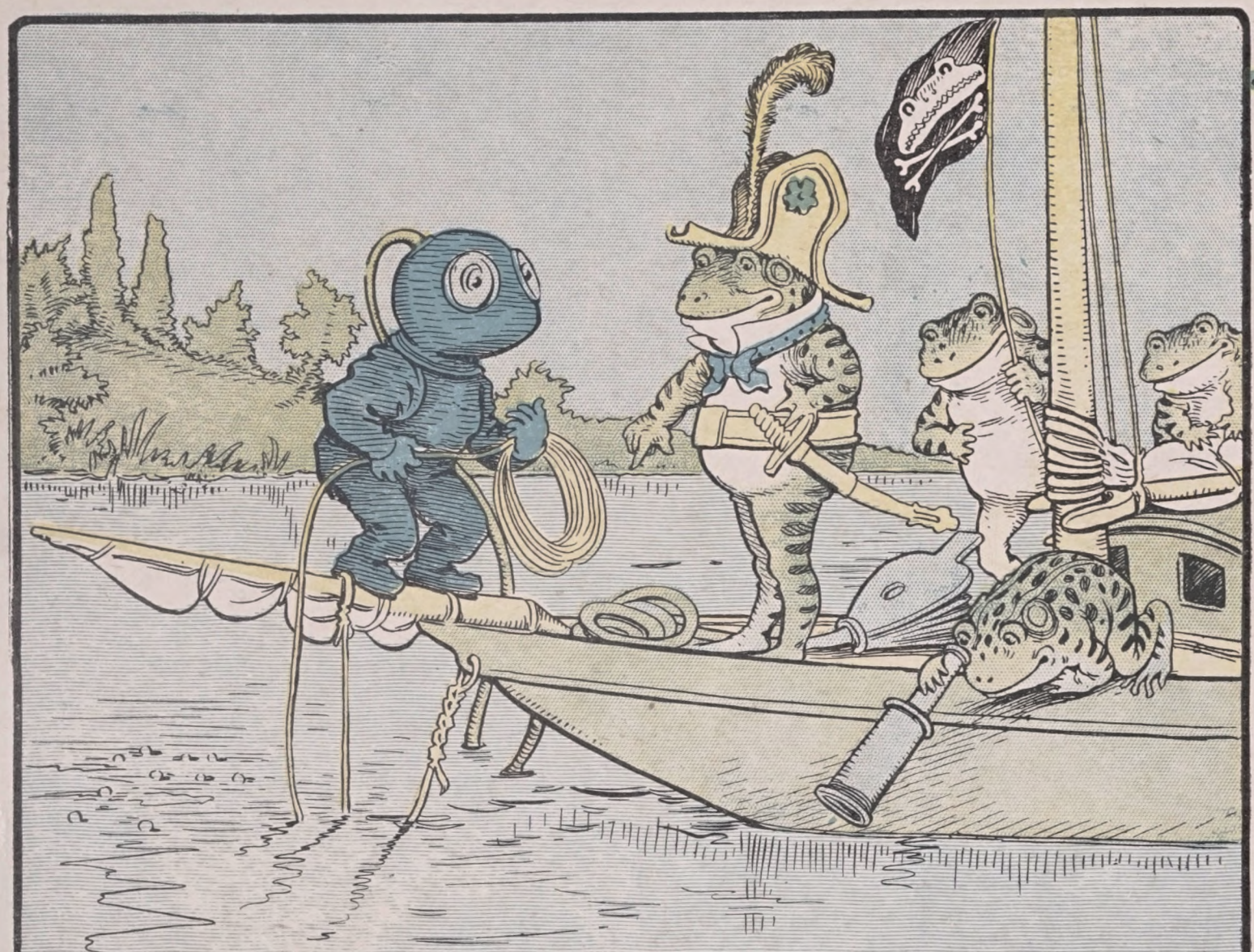
The other ducklings hurried home,
When this unequal fight began:
All breathlessly they told the news
To Uncle Peter Pelican.
He hurried out across the pond,
And first he cut the duckling's cord;
Which gave the frightened pirates time
To dive to safety overboard.

Far up the shores of Plunkett's Pond,
Within a deep and marshy bay,
Amid the rustling rushes green,
The muskrats' cozy village lay.
Now, when the older rats were gone,
The little ratlings had no fear;
'Twould have been different had they known
The dreaded Pirate Frog was near.



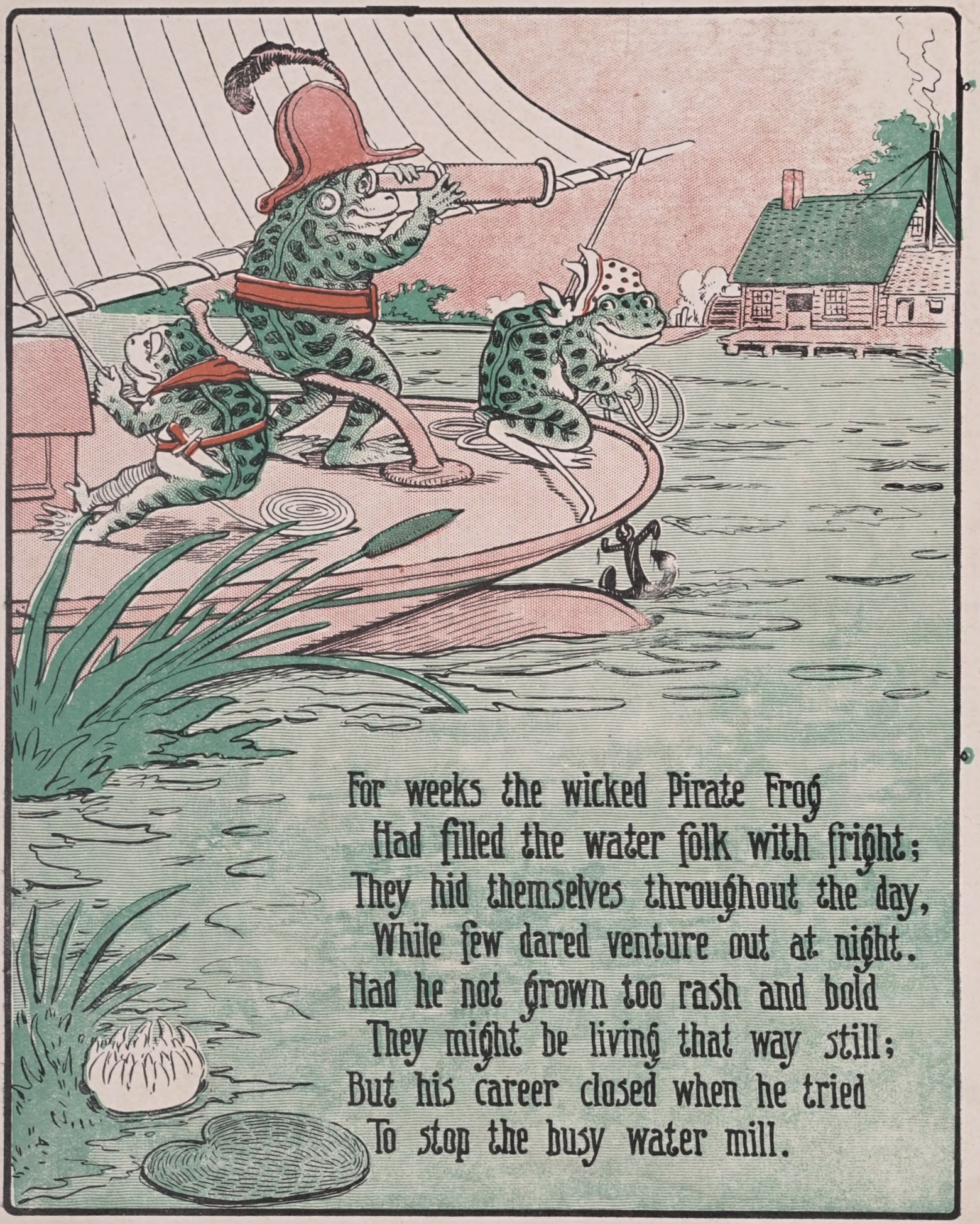
But soon the pirates' flag was seen –
The town was taken by surprise.
One baby rat was caught and bound
And dragged on ship despite his cries.
But soon his bonds were gnawed apart
And he for safety scaled the mast,
His weight aloft o'erset the ship
And he laughed best for he laughed last.





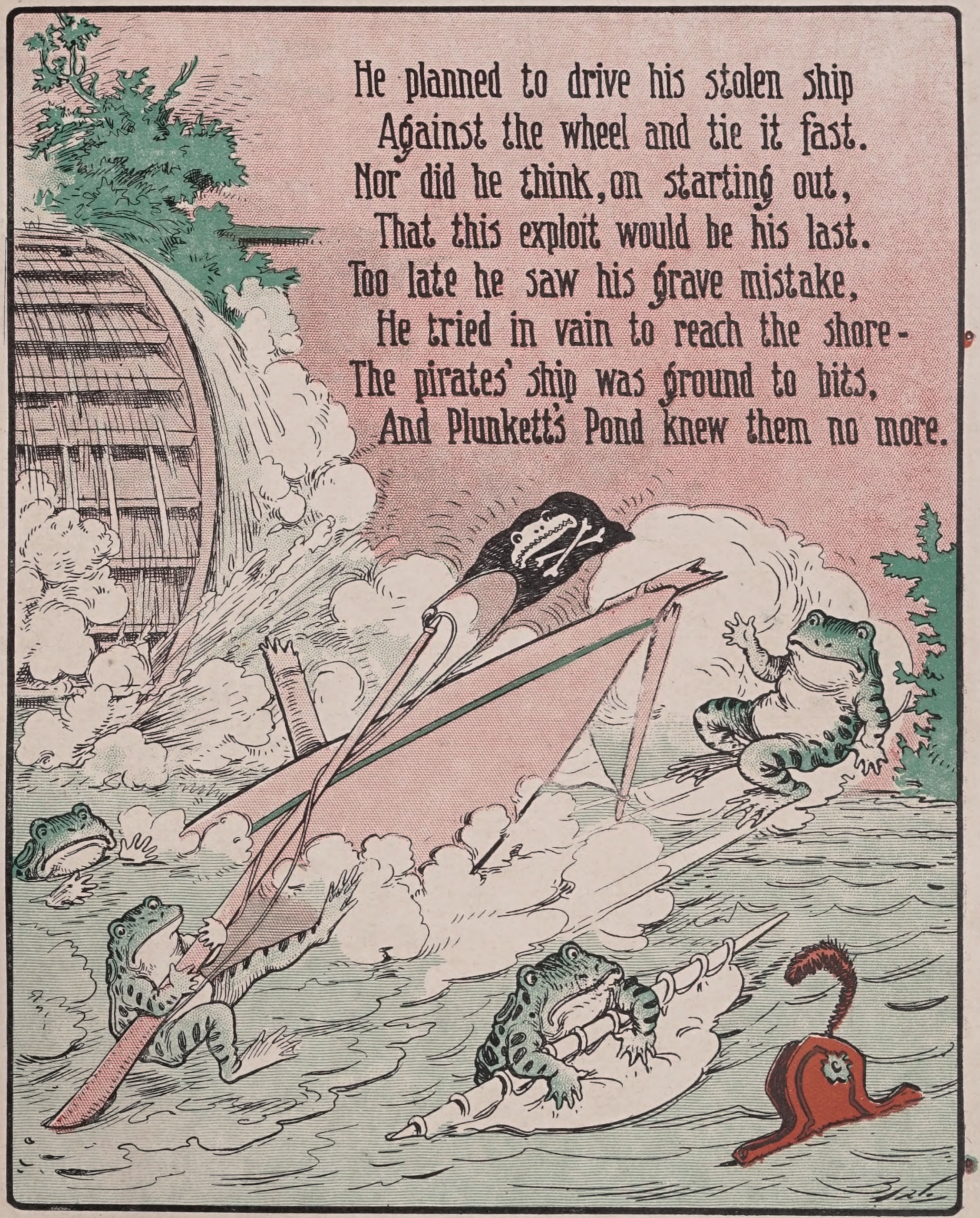
'Twas in July; the sun was hot,
The pond was smooth, the air was still.
The Pirate's vessel lay becalmed
Without a breeze the sail to fill;
But soon a plan had been devised
To move the ship without a sail:
A diving frog took down a line
And tied it 'round a bull-head's tail.

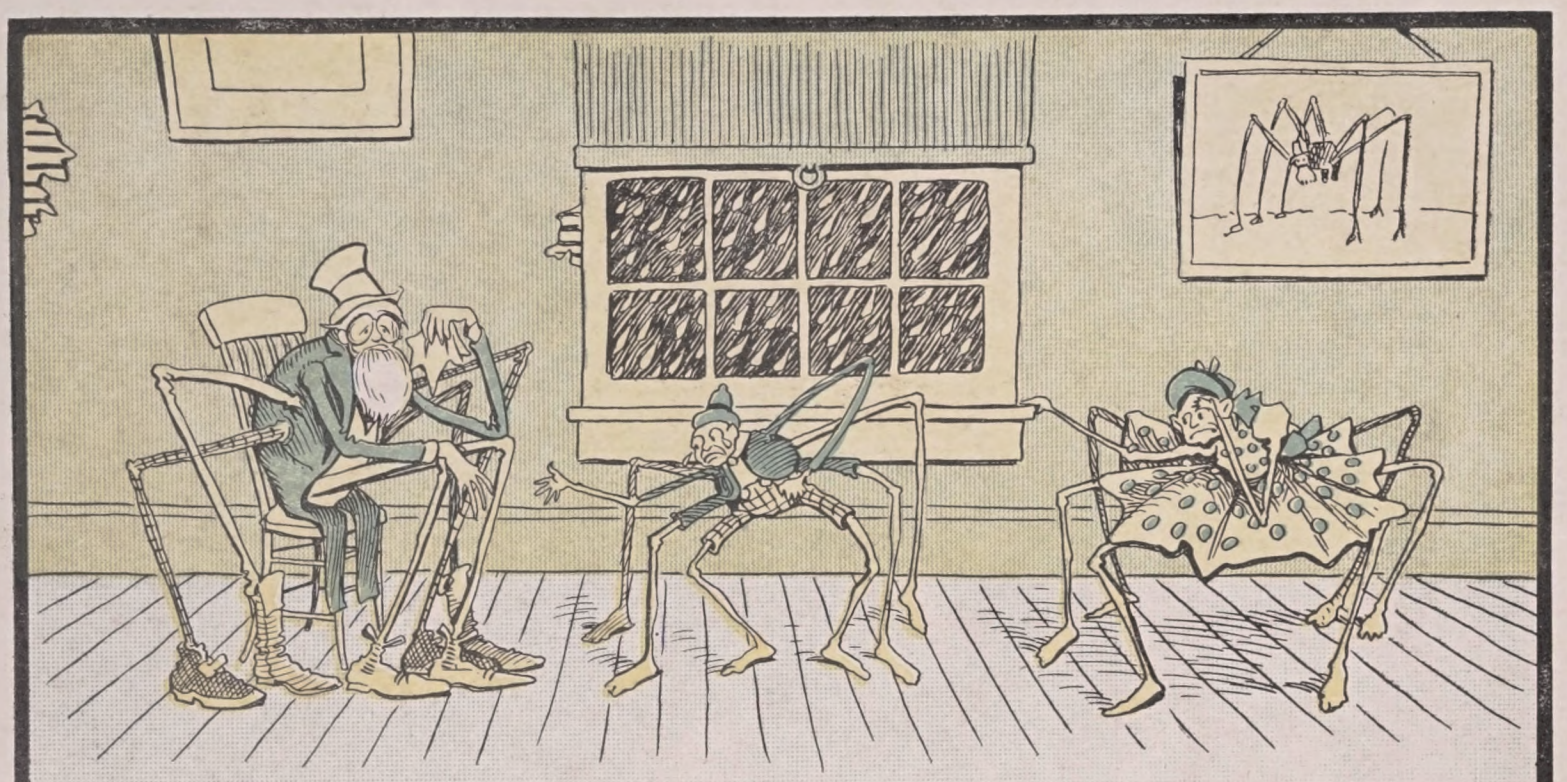
The big fish felt a gentle tug,
  Then saw the line and jumped with fright.
He tried in vain to shake it off,
  And swam away with all his might.
This way and that, at race-horse speed,
  He crossed the pond from side to side,
But where he went the skip went, too,
  And all the frogs enjoyed the ride.



For weeks the wicked Pirate Frog
Had filled the water folk with fright;
They hid themselves throughout the day,
While few dared venture out at night.
Had he not grown too rash and bold
They might be living that way still;
But his career closed when he tried
To stop the busy water mill.

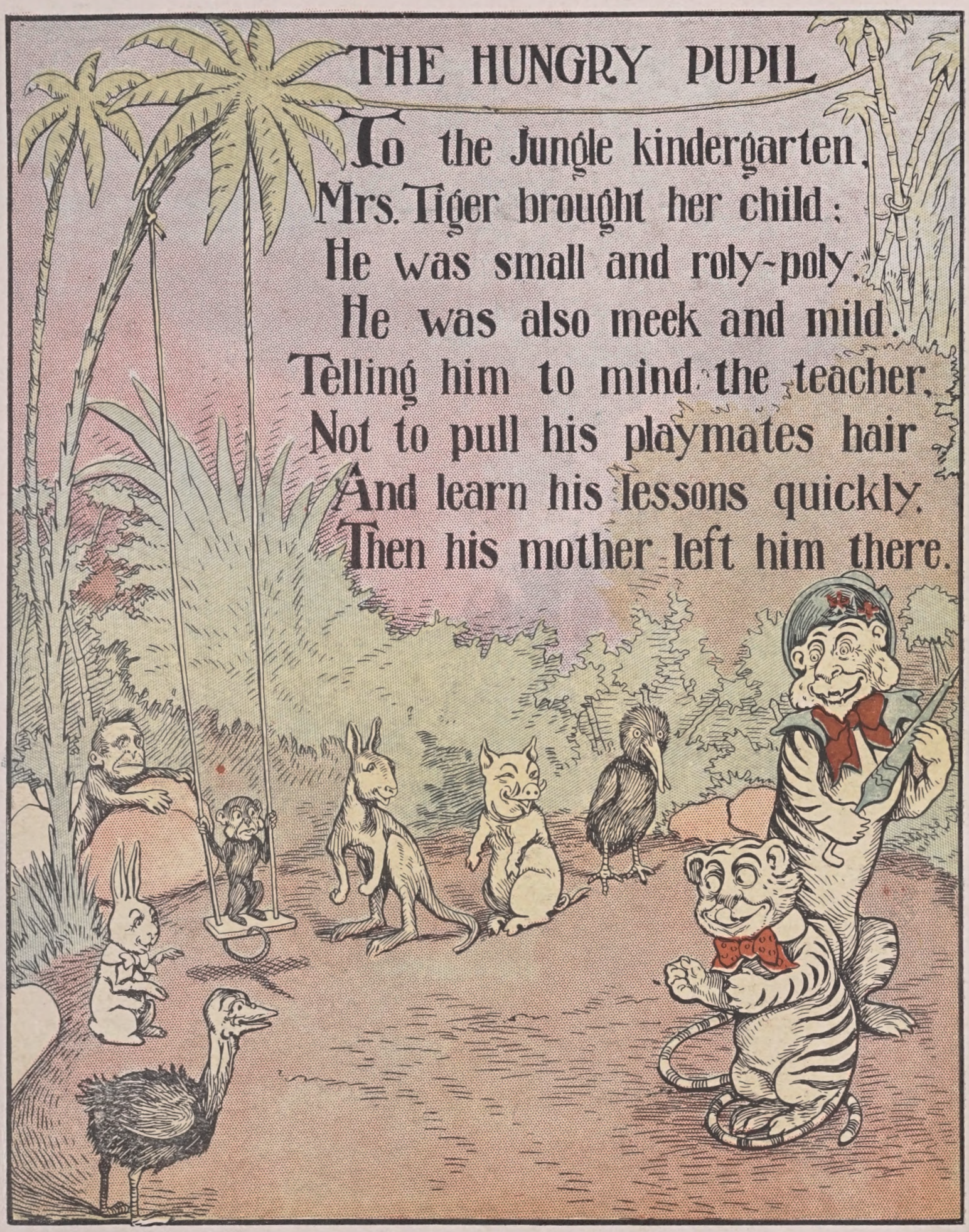
He planned to drive his stolen ship
Against the wheel and tie it fast.
Nor did he think, on starting out,
That this exploit would be his last.
Too late he saw his grave mistake,
He tried in vain to reach the shore -
The pirates' ship was ground to bits,
And Plunkett's Pond knew them no more.

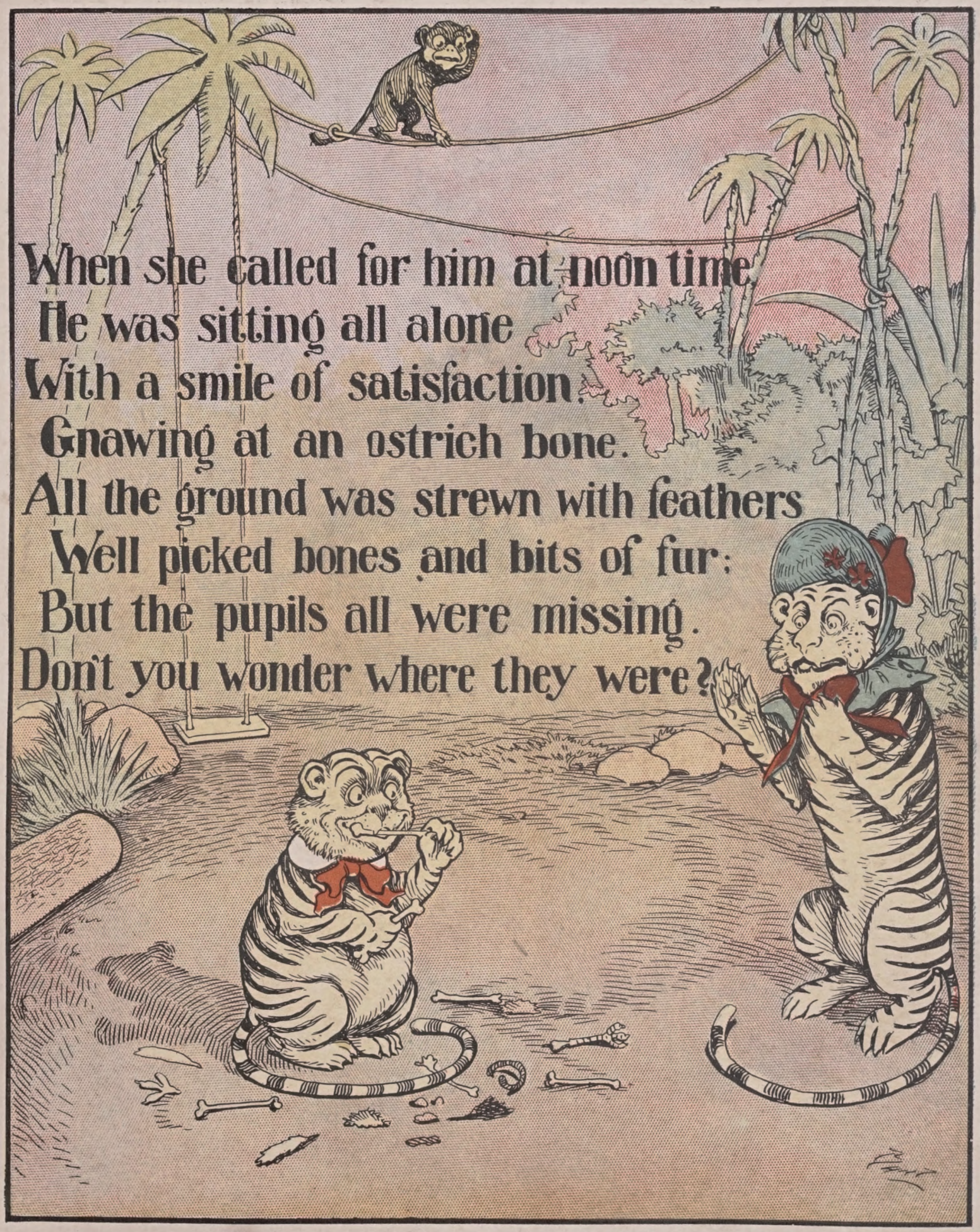




Old Daddy Longlegs sat him down
And wept in deepest woe.
"Alas!" he cried, "The summer's gone
"And soon will come the snow.
"My children beg for warmer clothes,
"But yet I must refuse
"For each one has so many feet
"I can't buy overshoes."

"Oh dear," she cried, "here comes the rain,
"And this is picnic day."
Nor did she know what she had heard
Was just a wooden legged bird
Until he flew away.

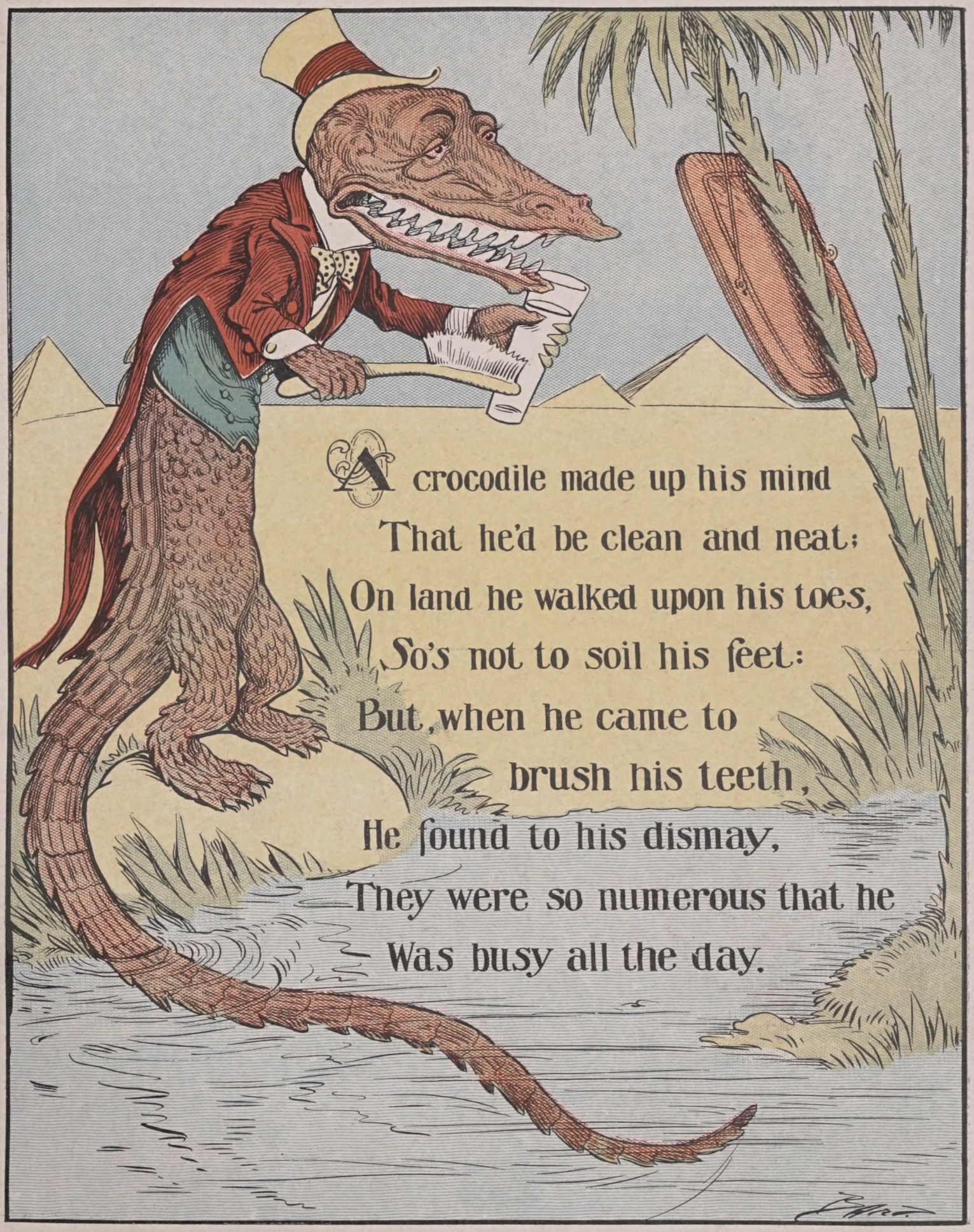

THE HUNGRY PUPIL.
To the Jungle kindergarten,
Mrs. Tiger brought her child;
He was small and roly-poly,
He was also meek and mild.
Telling him to mind the teacher,
Not to pull his playmates hair
And learn his lessons quickly.
Then his mother left him there.


When she called for him at noon time.
He was sitting all alone
With a smile of satisfaction.
Gnawing at an ostrich bone.
All the ground was strewn with feathers
Well picked bones and bits of fur;
But the pupils all were missing.
Don't you wonder where they were?

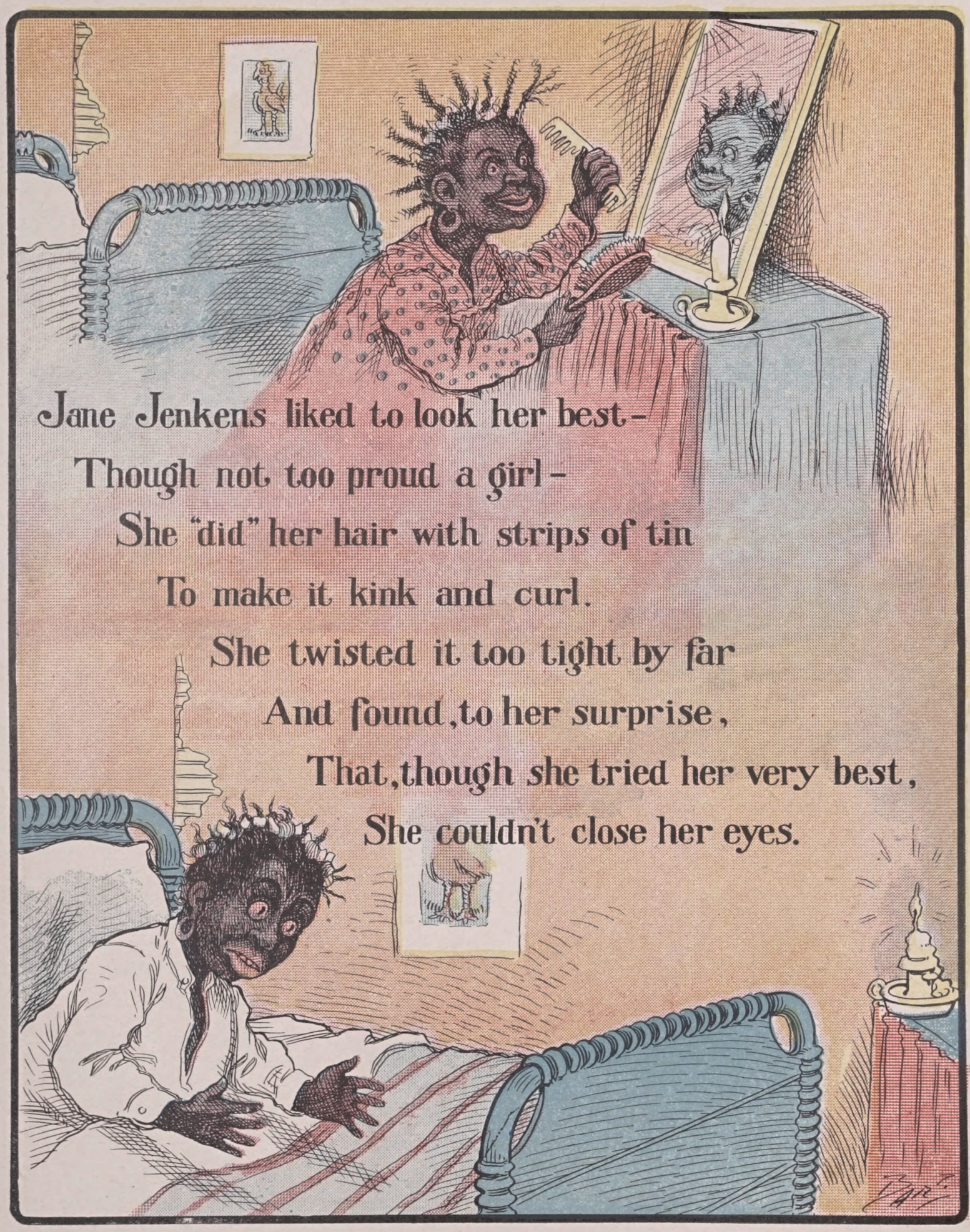
Her little son came wriggling up
To grave old mother Eel;
"Oh mother dear," he said with tears
"Such awful pains I feel.
"The doctor says he greatly fears
"For small-pox I am slated;
"But yet I have no arms or legs,
"And can't be vaccinated."

The Snapping Turtle's daughter
In dress displayed good taste;
But, when she tried a belt on,
She found she had no waist.

The jolly Rough Riders of wash day
Sat jauntily out on the line
Not a man was afraid
For 'twas but dress parade
And their showing was certainly fine.



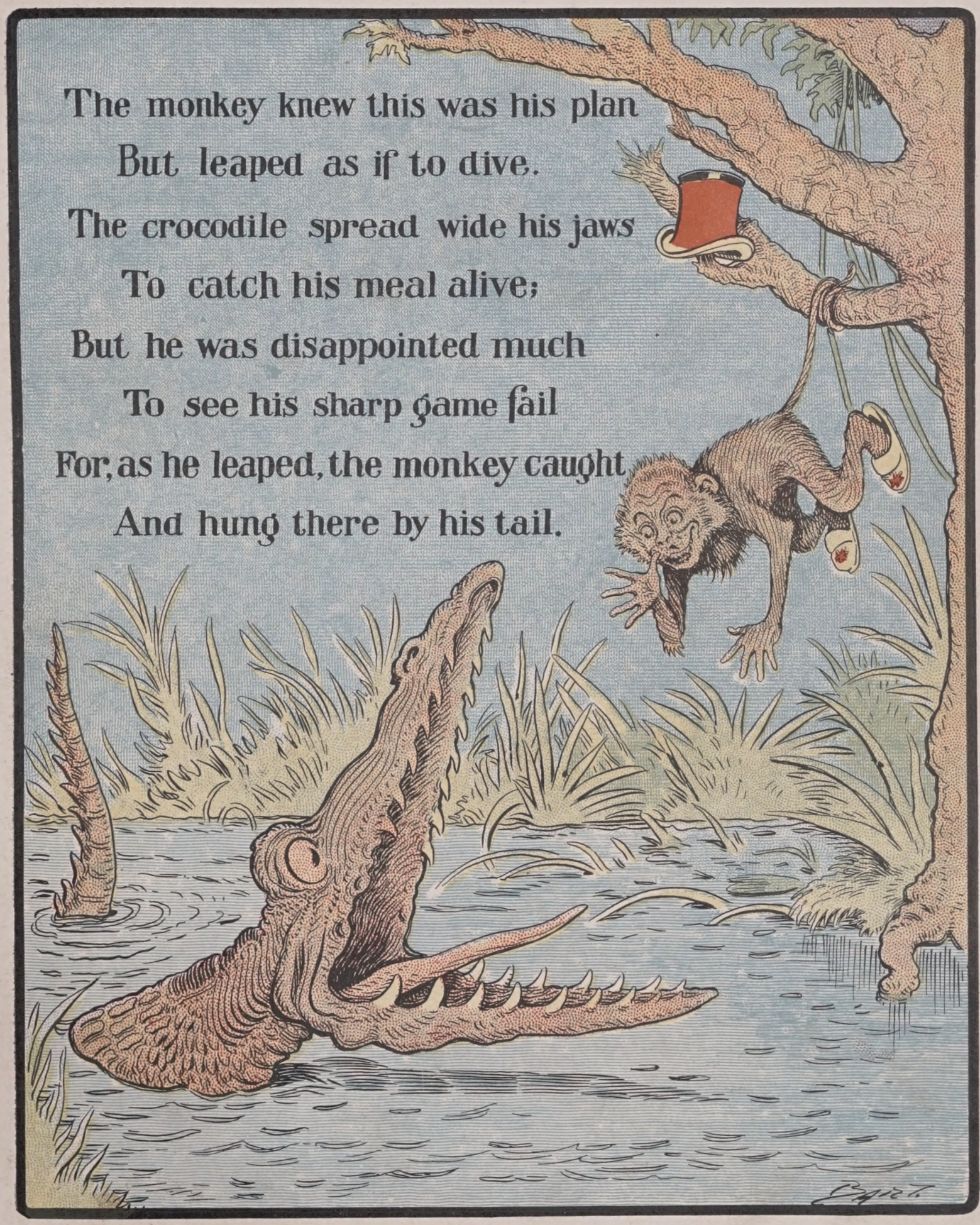
A crocodile made up his mind
That he'd be clean and neat;
On land he walked upon his toes,
So's not to soil his feet:
But, when he came to
brush his teeth,
He found to his dismay,
They were so numerous that he
Was busy all the day.


Jane Jenkens liked to look her best–
Though not too proud a girl–
She "did" her hair with strips of tin
To make it kink and curl.
She twisted it too tight by far
And found, to her surprise,
That, though she tried her very best,
She couldn't close her eyes.

For if they see this animal
And do not run away,
They imitate its shrill, harsh voice
And whine the livelong day.

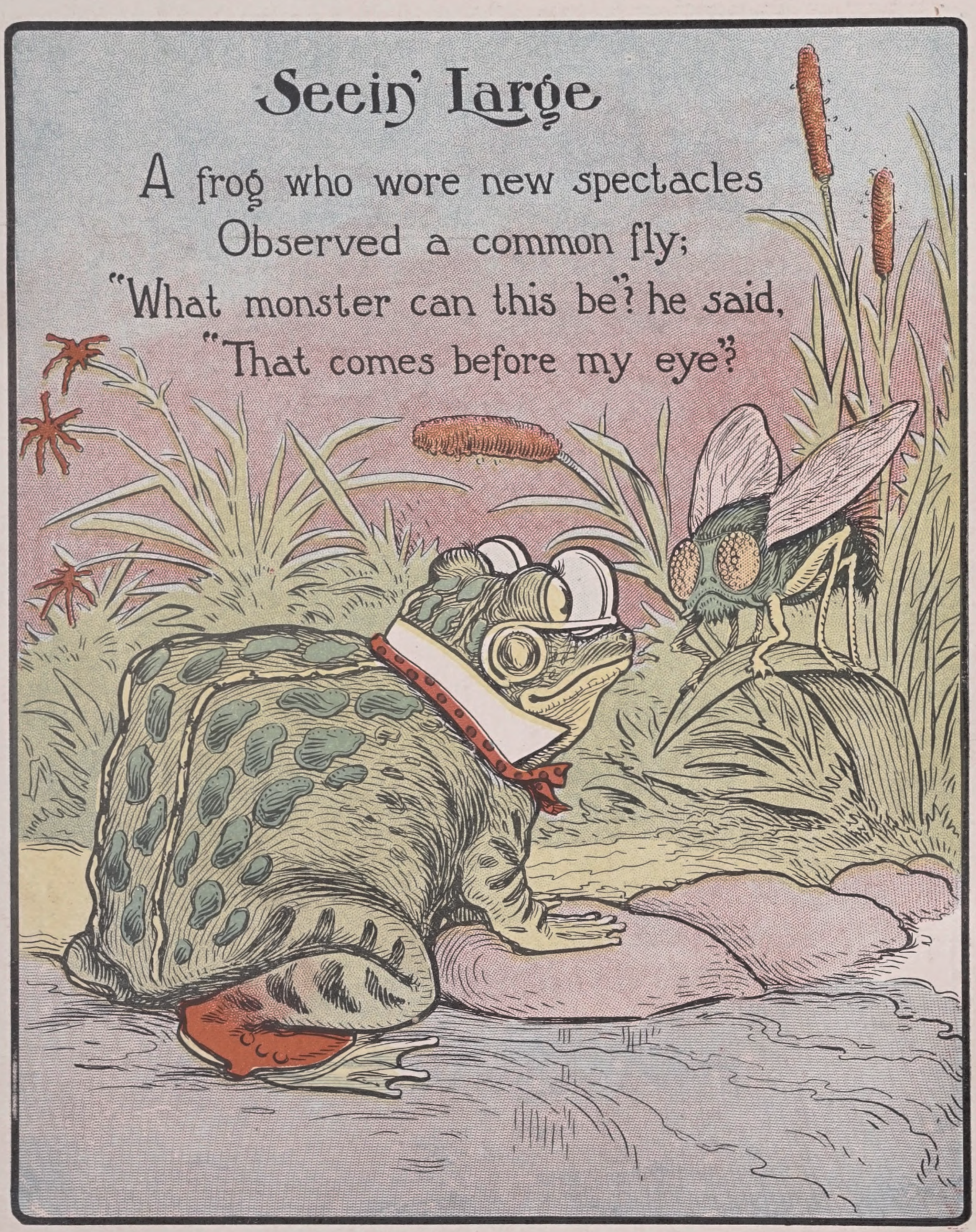
# A FIRE IN FROGTOWN

One sultry night in Frogtown
The muskrats' house caught fire;
The muskrats, with their babies,
Rushed out in scant attire.


The monkey knew this was his plan
But leaped as if to dive.
The crocodile spread wide his jaws
To catch his meal alive;
But he was disappointed much
To see his sharp game fail
For, as he leaped, the monkey caught
And hung there by his tail.

# Seein' Large

A frog who wore new spectacles
Observed a common fly;
"What monster can this be"? he said,
"That comes before my eye"?



Then all the Frogtown firemen,
In startled haste arose,
And ran to put the fire out
With dandelion hose.

# THE PORCUPINE'S DILEMMA

A porcupine once played at golf
And wore a sweater red.
"I notice all the swells dress so
"And so will I", he said.

But when he found his stylish clothes
Were far too warm for golf,
His sharp quills held that sweater fast
He couldn't get it off.
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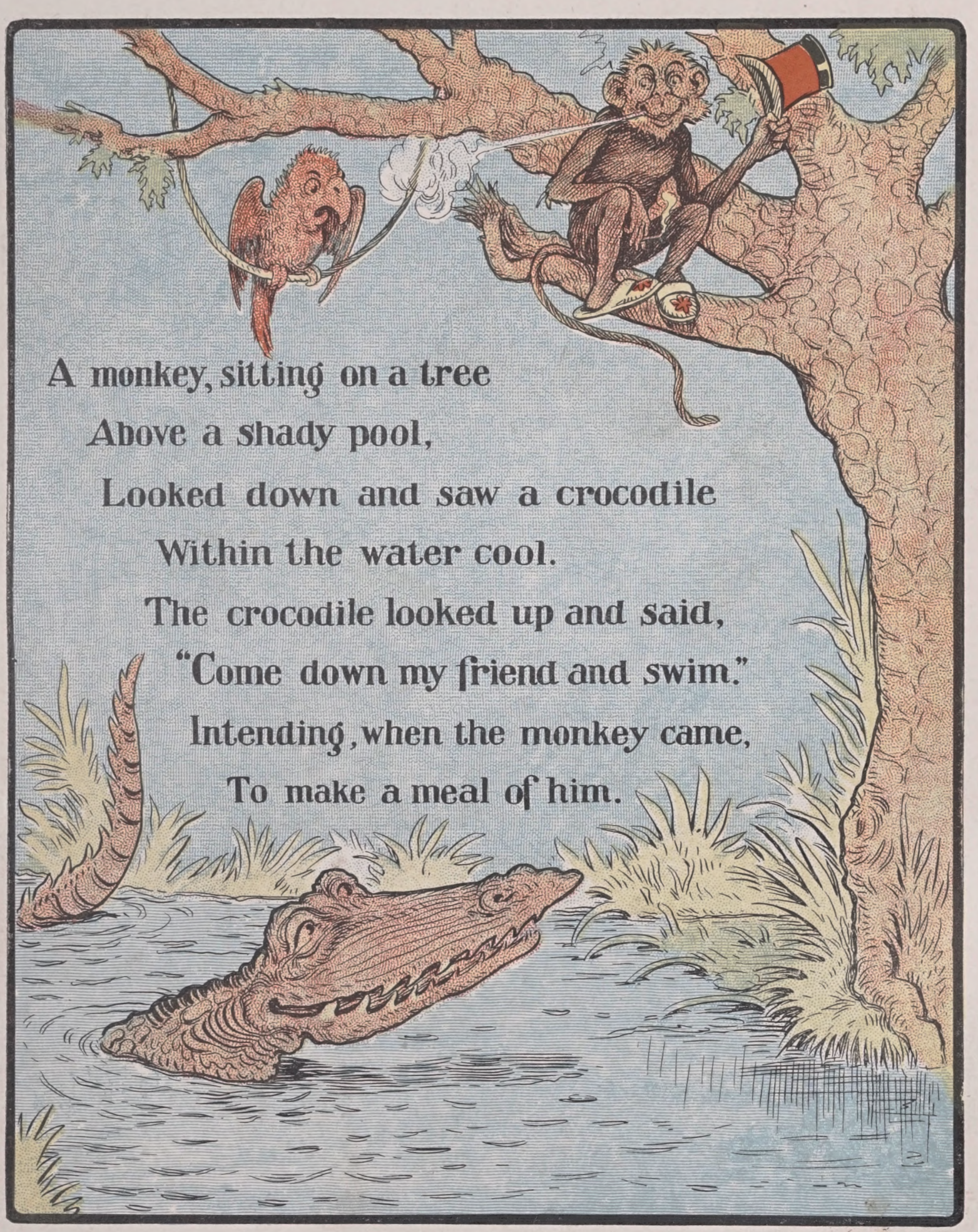
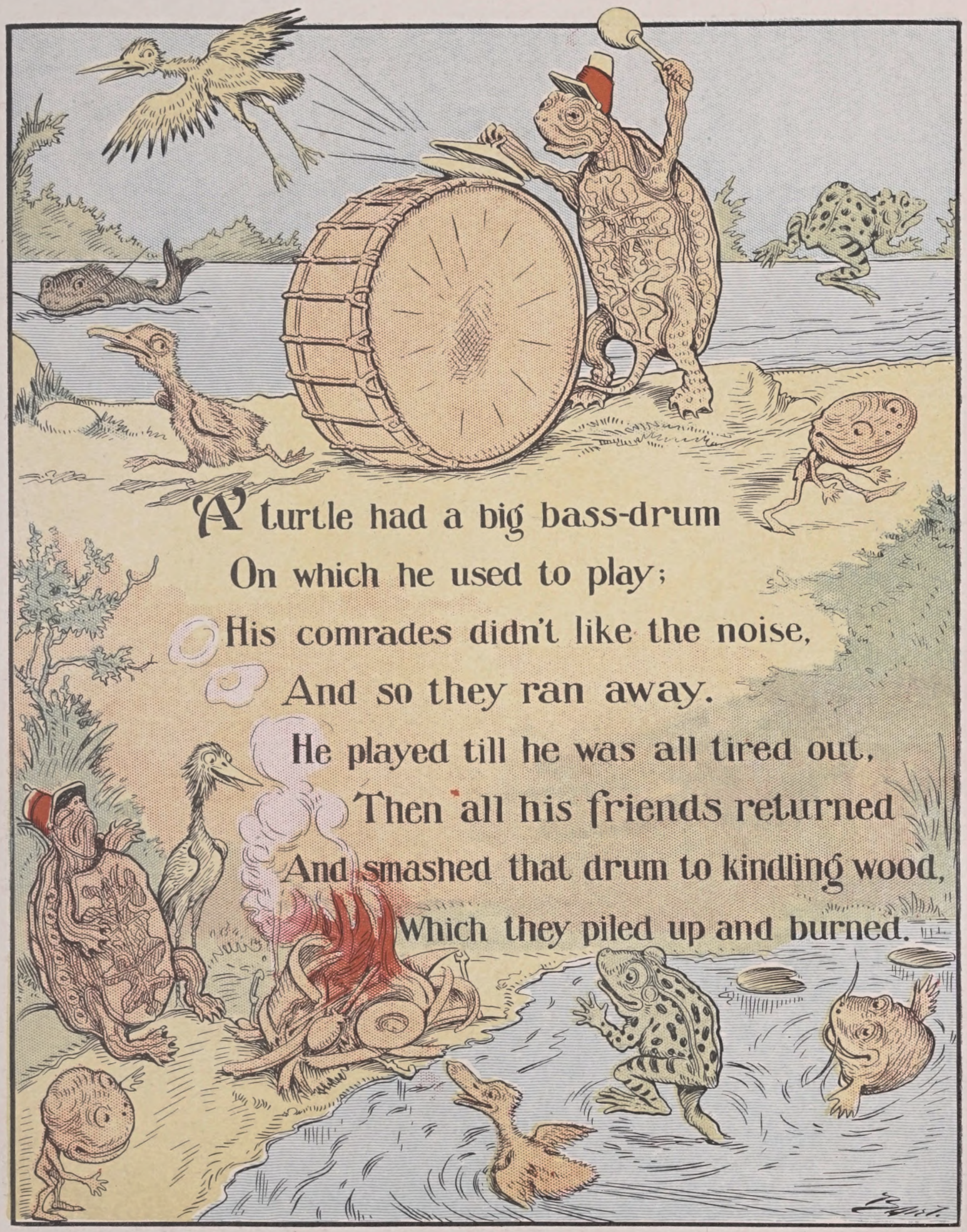


A monkey, sitting on a tree
Above a shady pool,
Looked down and saw a crocodile
Within the water cool.
The crocodile looked up and said,
"Come down my friend and swim."
Intending, when the monkey came,
To make a meal of him.

But when from their homes in the tree-tops
The enemy sailed through the air
And with coarse, muddy feet
Soiled each garment and sheet
The Riders could do naught but stare.

One beast there is which should be shunned
By little girls and boys;
That is the cross Whine-os-ce-ros,
Which makes an awful noise.

But when the fly was quickly caught,
And on the frog's inside,
He felt so empty that he knew
His glasses magnified.



A turtle had a big bass-drum
On which he used to play;
His comrades didn't like the noise,
And so they ran away.

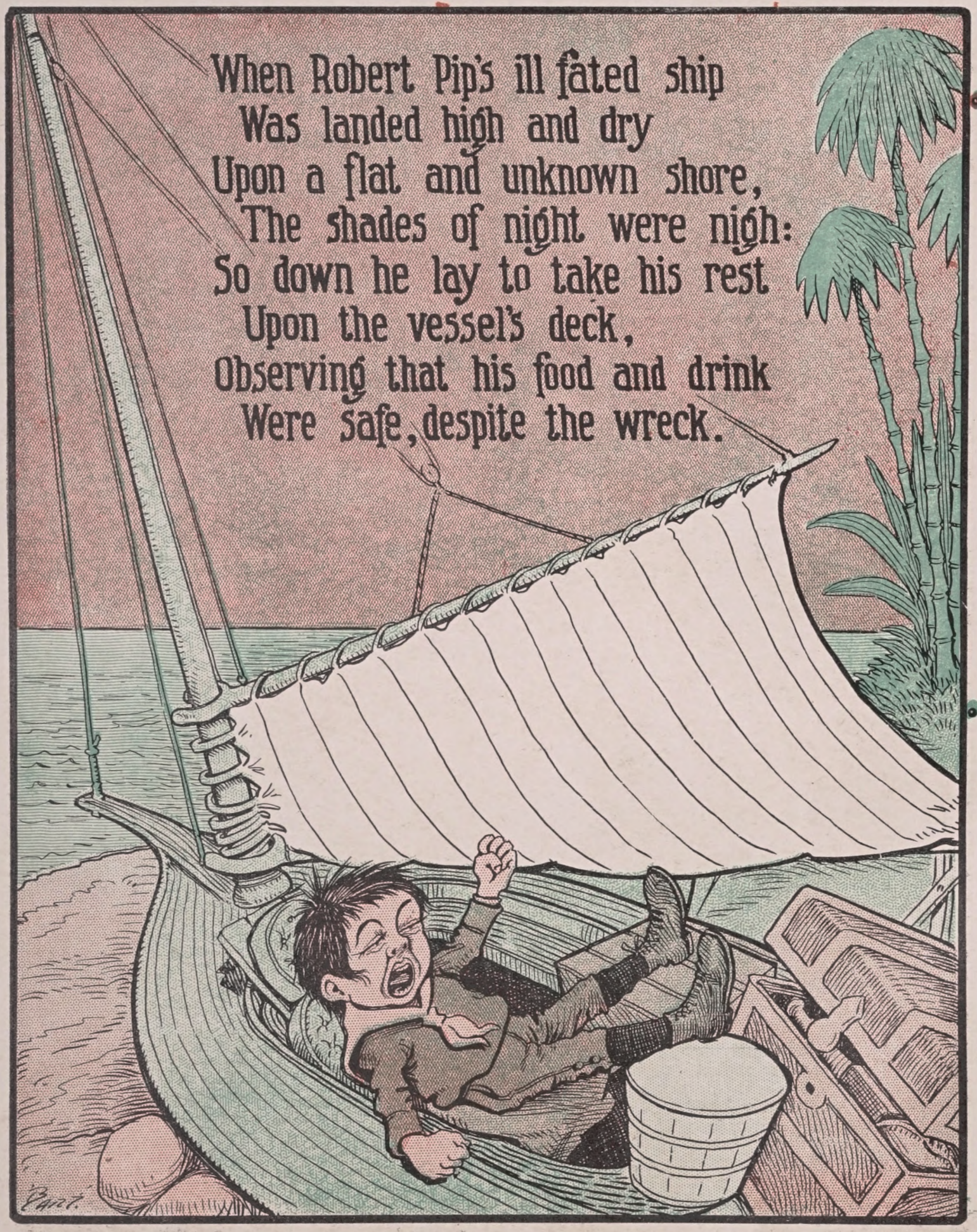
He played till he was all tired out,
Then all his friends returned
And smashed that drum to kindling wood,
Which they piled up and burned.

ROBINSON
CRUSOE
PIPP.

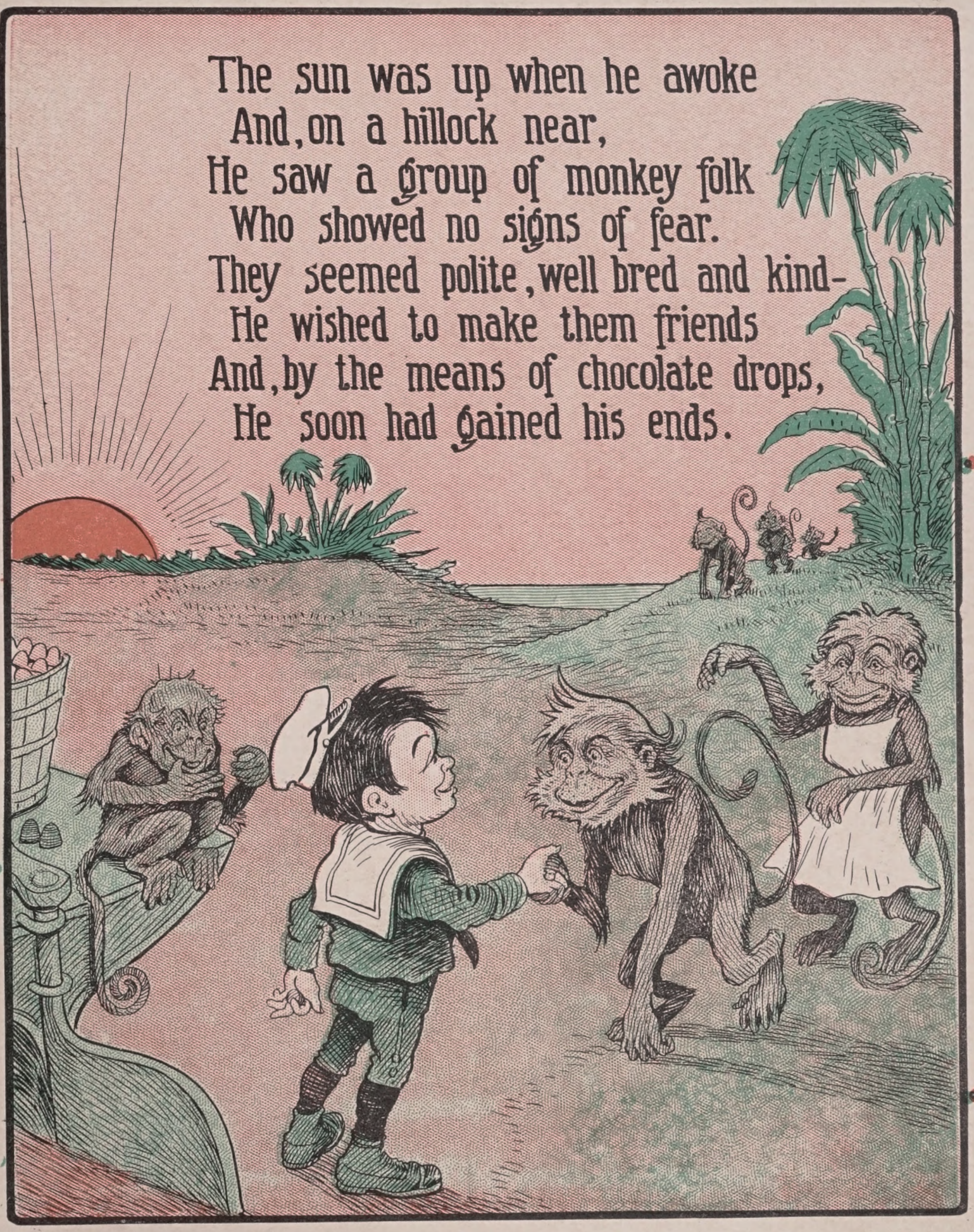
When Robert Pip put out to sea,
His ship was strong and new;
He was the captain proud and bold,
He also was the crew.
And he could reef and splice and clew
And yaw and luff and steer.
For food he carried chocolate drops;
His drink was ginger beer.

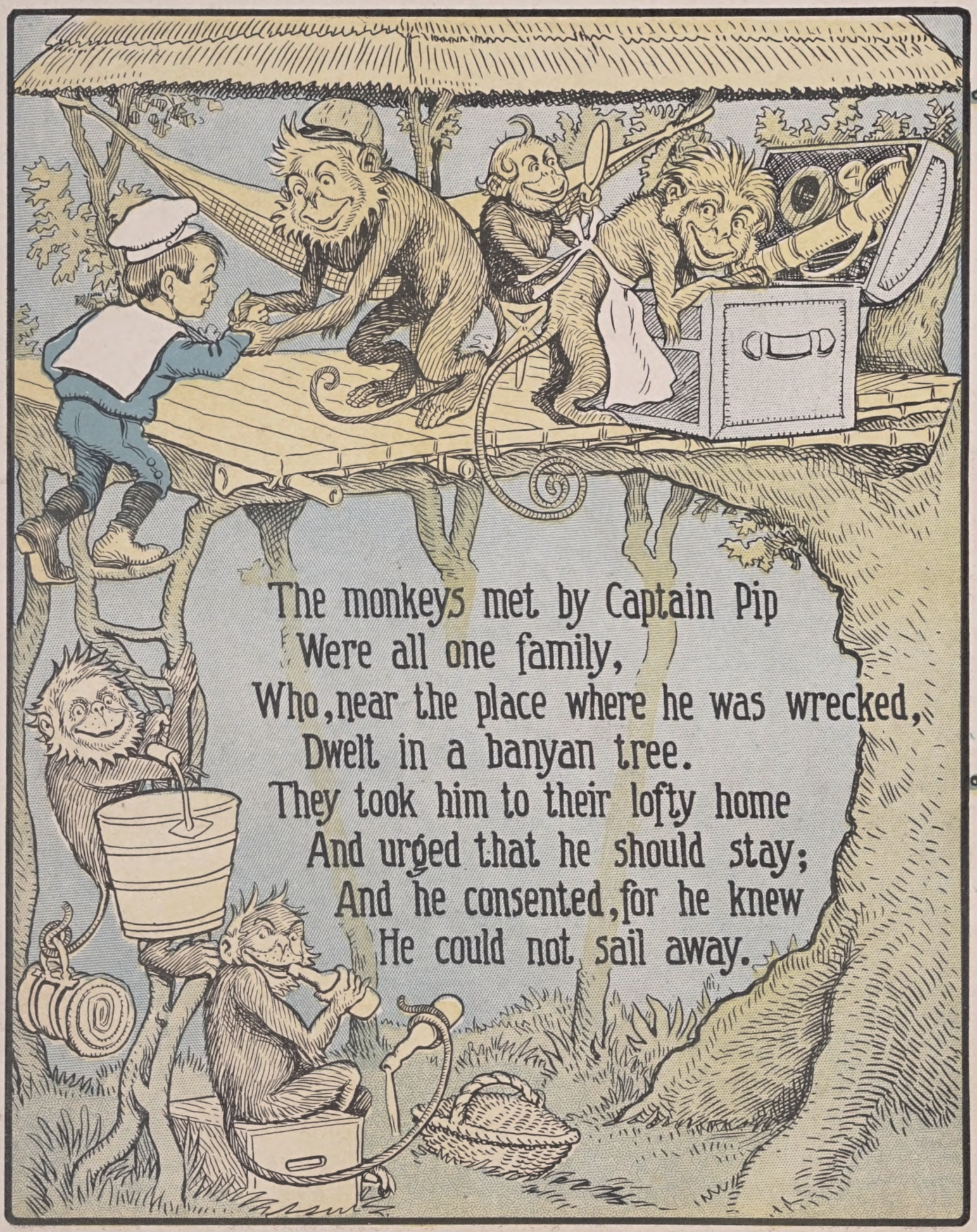
The course as steered by Captain Pip
Was sou' sou' west by east;
And he had sailed upon his way
For forty days at least,
When up there came a tidal wave
And, with a rush and roar,
Picked up his ship and landed it
Fast on a foreign shore.

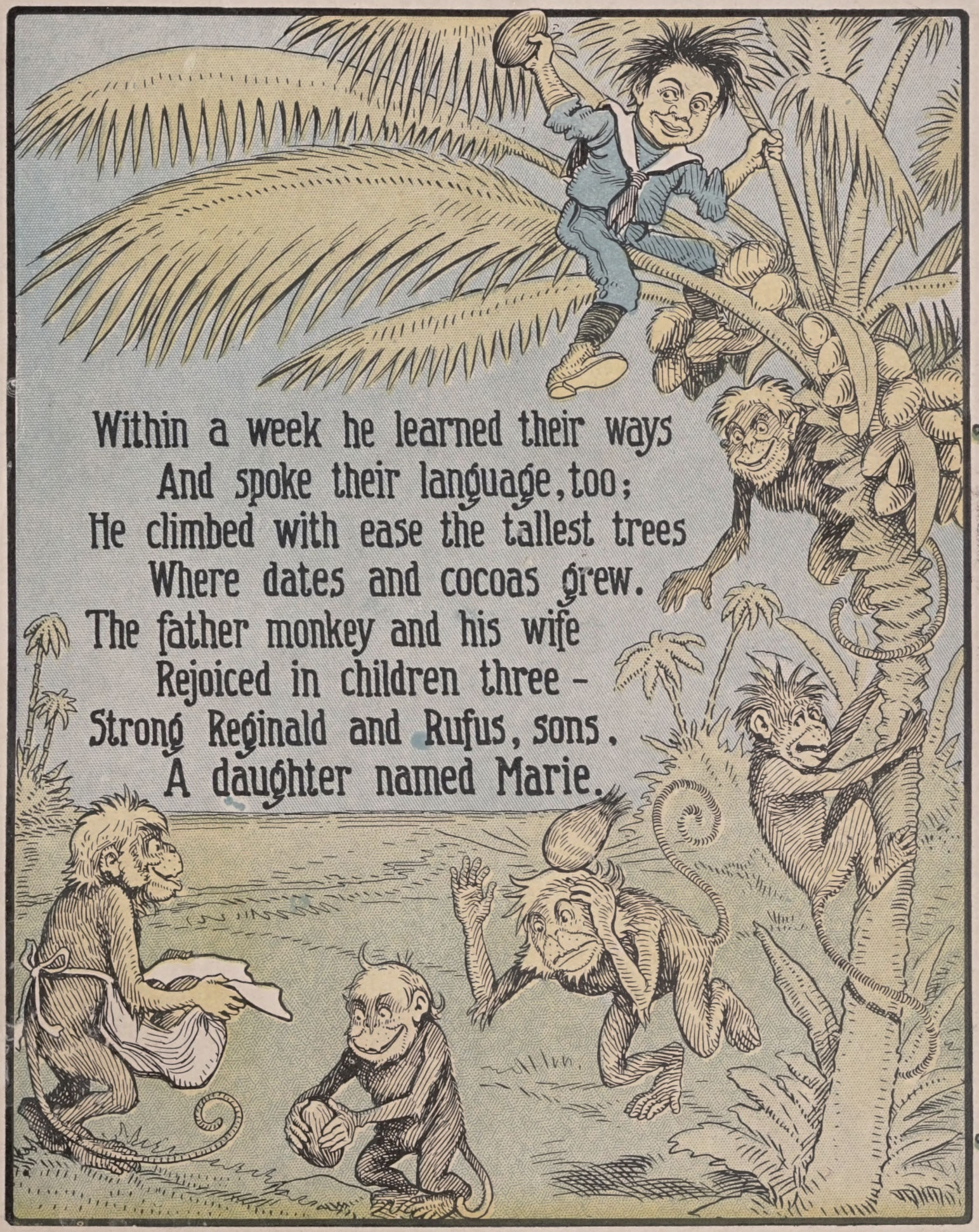
When Robert Pip's ill fated ship
Was landed high and dry
Upon a flat and unknown shore,
The shades of night were nigh:
So down he lay to take his rest
Upon the vessel's deck,
Observing that his food and drink
Were safe, despite the wreck.



The sun was up when he awoke
And, on a hillock near,
He saw a group of monkey folk
Who showed no signs of fear.
They seemed polite, well bred and kind-
He wished to make them friends
And, by the means of chocolate drops,
He soon had gained his ends.



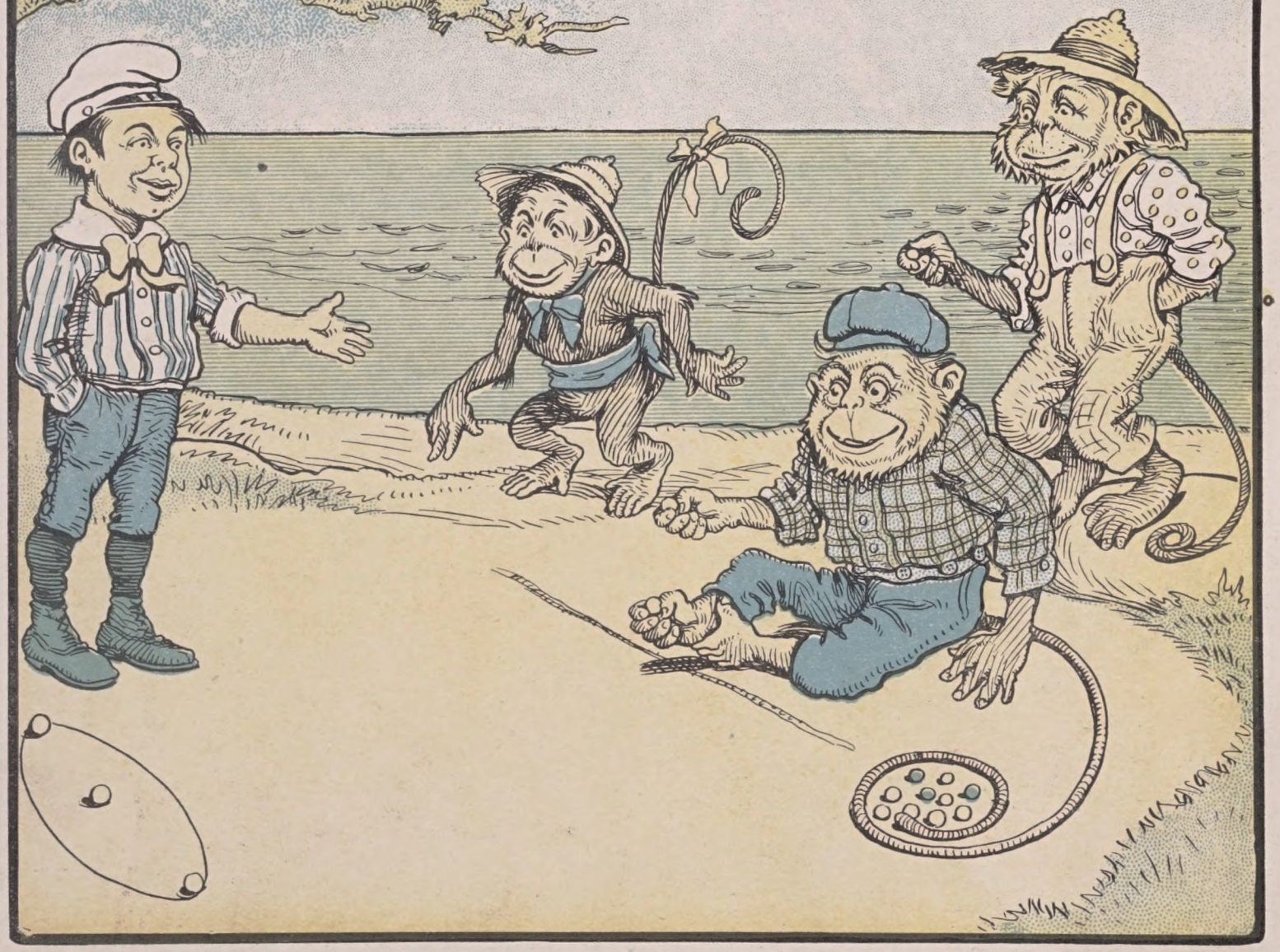

The monkeys met by Captain Pip
Were all one family,
Who, near the place where he was wrecked,
Dwelt in a banyan tree.
They took him to their lofty home
And urged that he should stay;
And he consented, for he knew
He could not sail away.


Within a week he learned their ways
And spoke their language, too;
He climbed with ease the tallest trees
Where dates and cocoas grew.
The father monkey and his wife
Rejoiced in children three -
Strong Reginald and Rufus, sons.
A daughter named Marie.

With Rufus and with Reginald,
Bob Pip went out one day
To find a place for golfing grounds
And teach his friends to play.
For clubs they used the bamboo sprouts,
In near-by jungles found;
For balls they plucked young cocoanuts,
Green, hard and small and round.

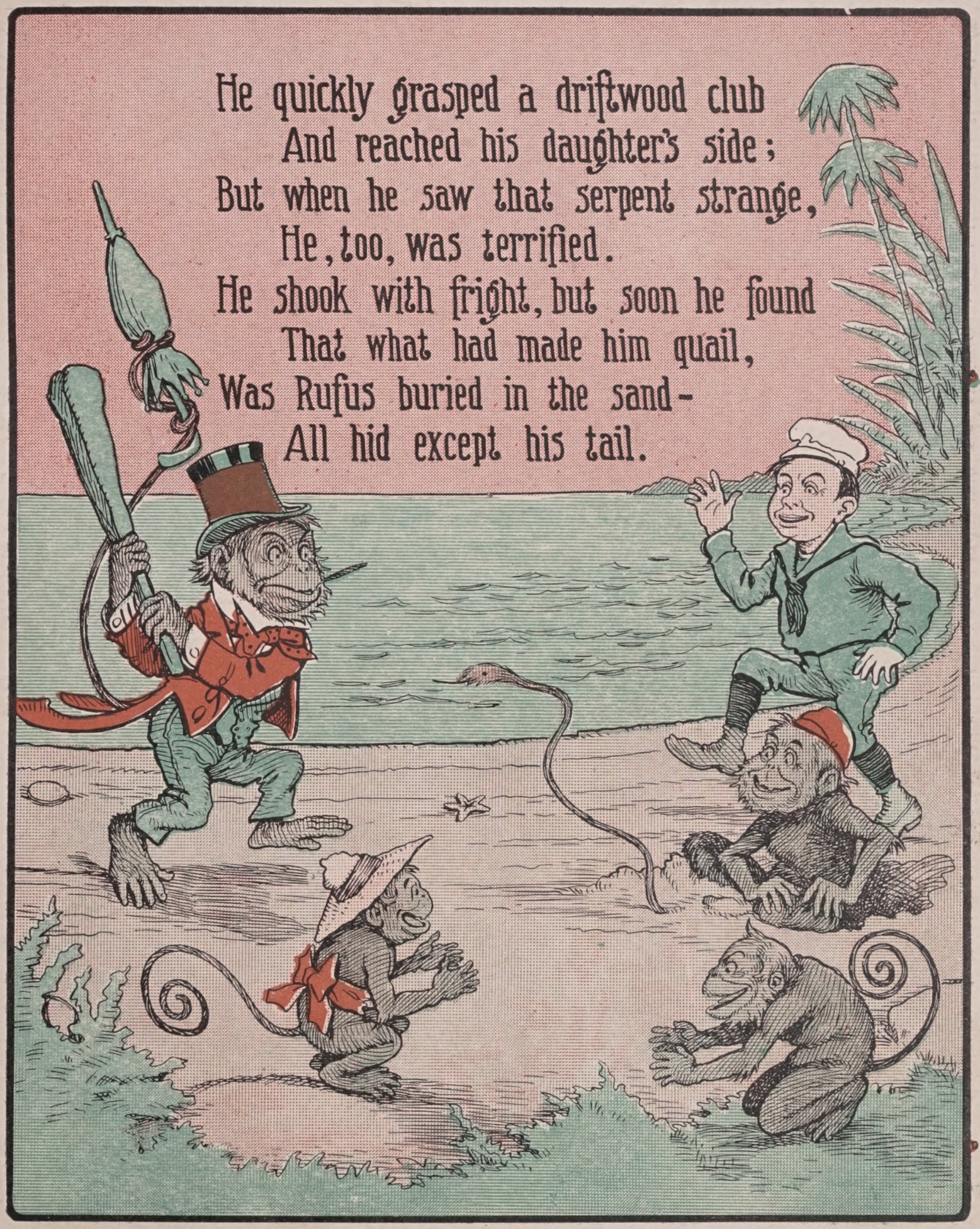
The monkey boys soon learned the game
And, with the greatest ease,
Could drive the ball from hole to hole,
O'er brooks and rocks and trees.
They swung their clubs with hand or foot,
Or tail - 'twas all the same.
And soon they beat the Captain
At this ancient, royal game.

Within the chest of Captain Pip
A bag of marbles lay;
He fished them out one afternoon
And taught his friends to play.
They played the game of "little-ring"
Upon the hard beach near
Until there came a sad mishap
As you shall straightway hear.

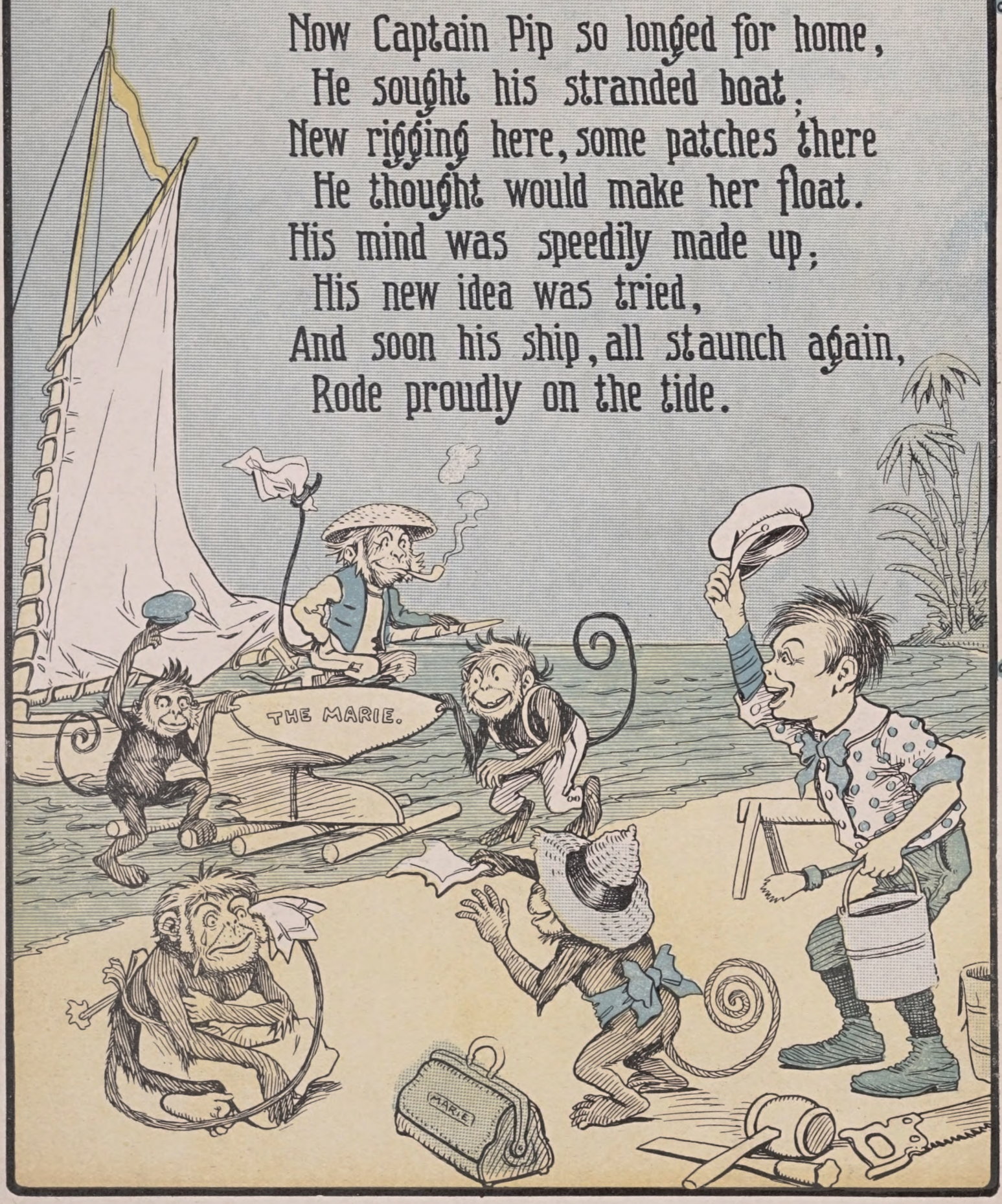


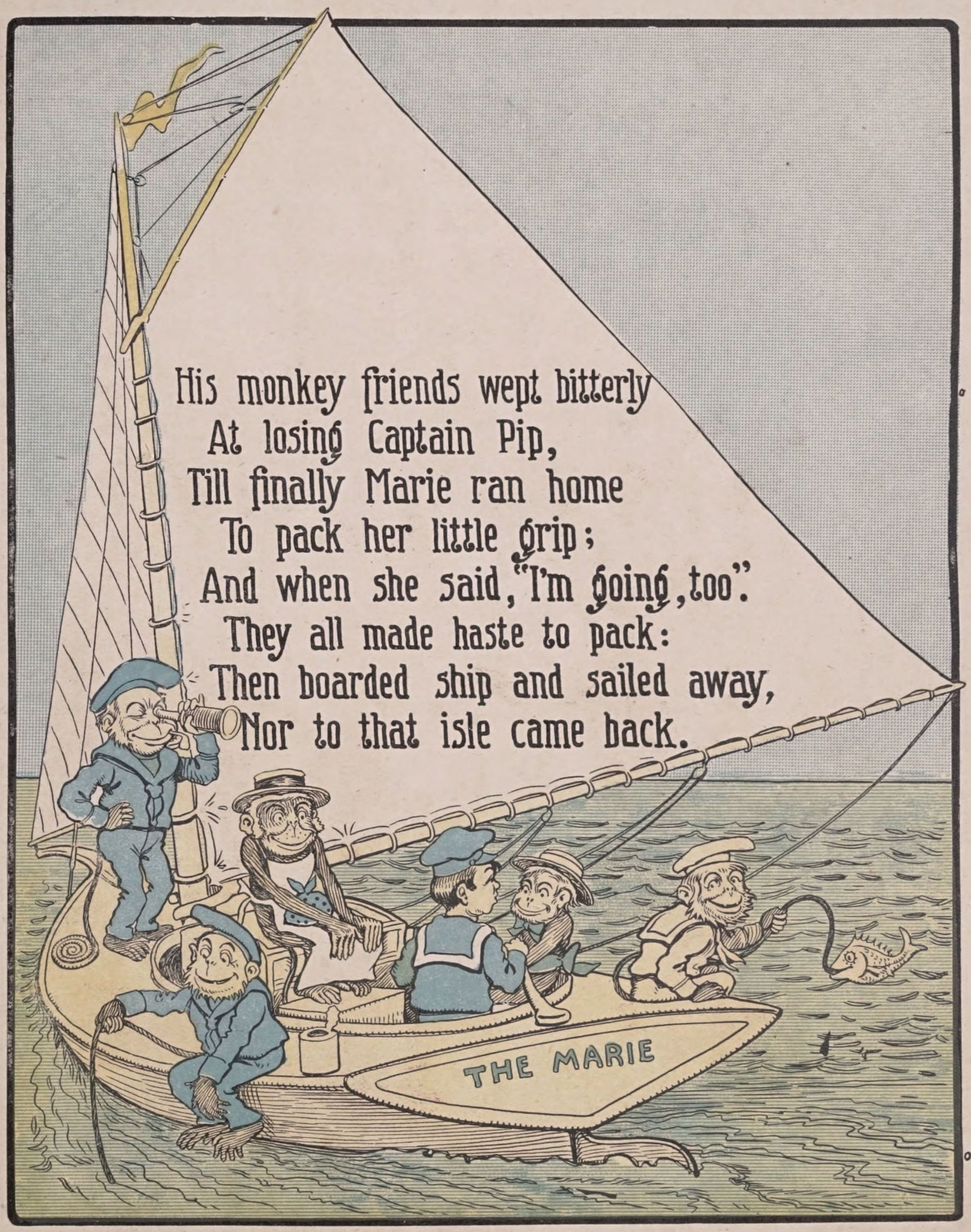
For, as Marie was standing by,
There rolled close to her feet
A china "shooter" that indeed
Looked good enough to eat.
She snatched it up to swallow it;
It caught - she choked - turned pale.
To save her life they hung her up
By her prehensile tail.

Upon a sunny stretch of sand
That lay beside the sea,
The father monkey went to stroll
And with him went Marie.
She, running on ahead of him,
Cried out: "For goodness sake:
"Oh, father dear, come quickly here
"And kill this horrid snake."

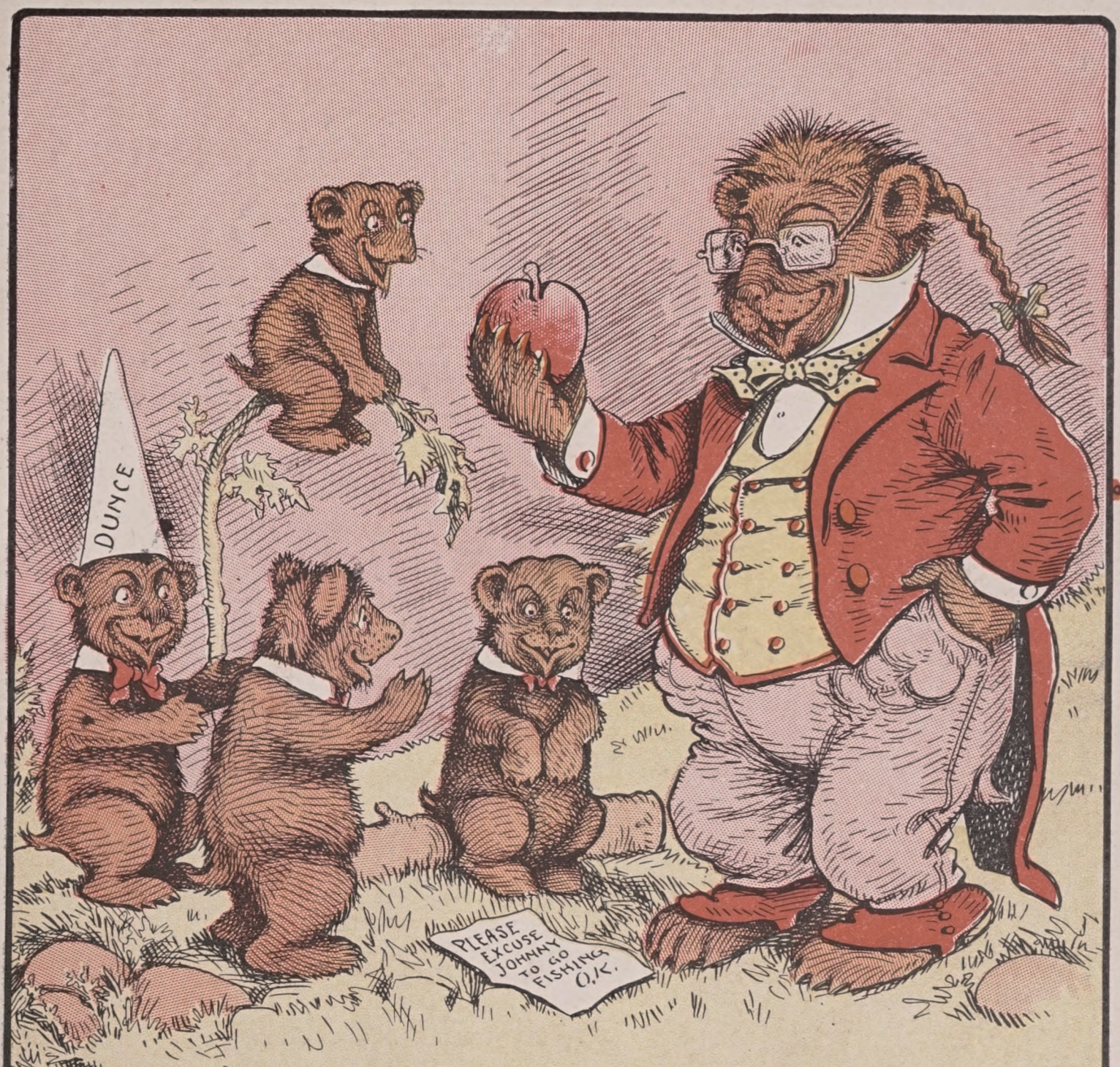

He quickly grasped a driftwood club
And reached his daughter's side;
But when he saw that serpent strange,
He, too, was terrified.
He shook with fright, but soon he found
That what had made him quail,
Was Rufus buried in the sand-
All hid except his tail.

Now Captain Pip so longed for home,
He sought his stranded boat;
New rigging here, some patches there
He thought would make her float.
His mind was speedily made up;
His new idea was tried,
And soon his ship, all staunch again,
Rode proudly on the tide.




His monkey friends wept bitterly
At losing Captain Pip,
Till finally Marie ran home
To pack her little grip;
And when she said, "I'm going, too".
They all made haste to pack:
Then boarded ship and sailed away,
Nor to that isle came back.
THE MARIE

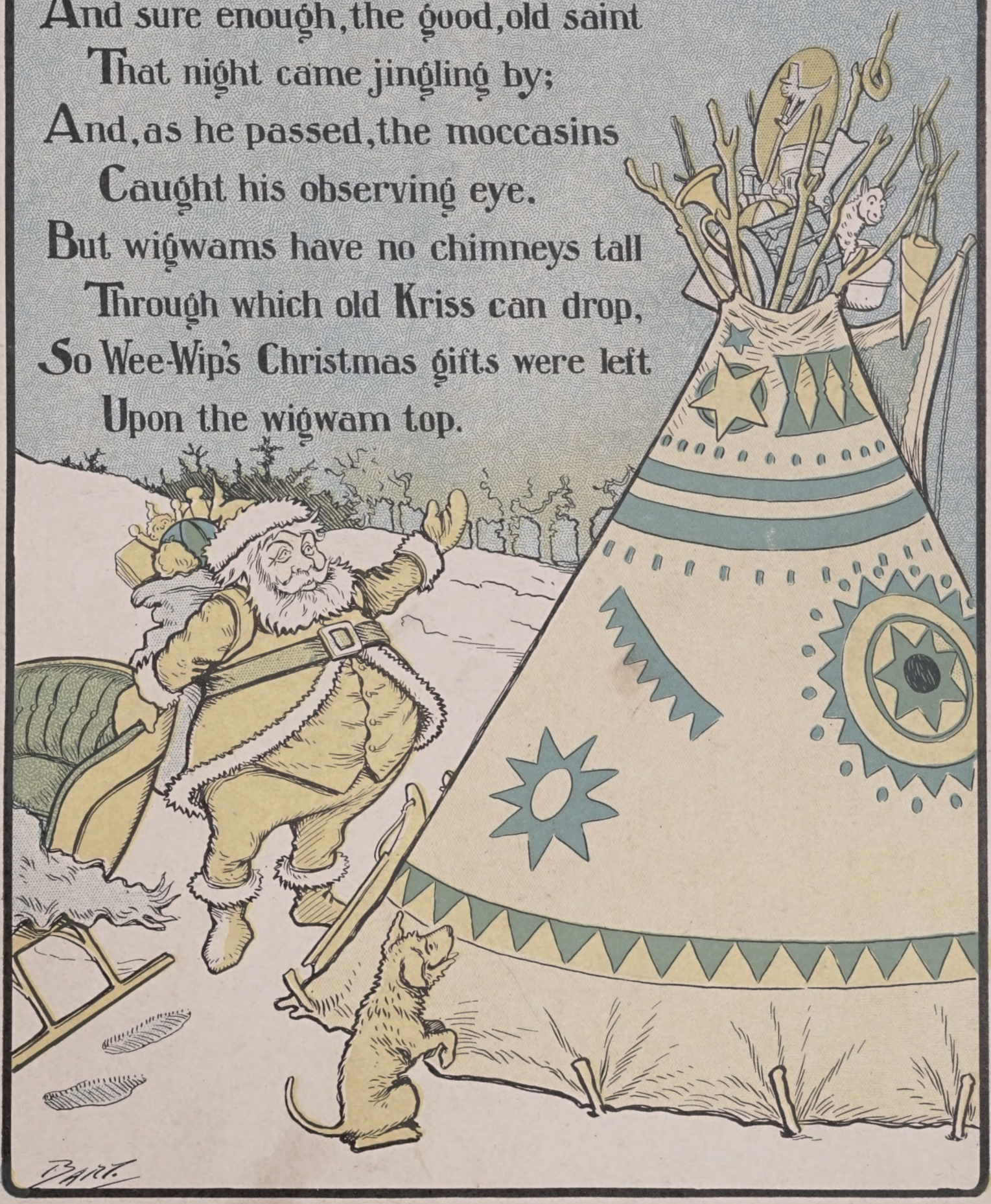
There was an old school teacher bear
Whom a fever had robbed of his hair;
And the thought of his loss
Made him peevish and cross
To the cubs who were under his care.

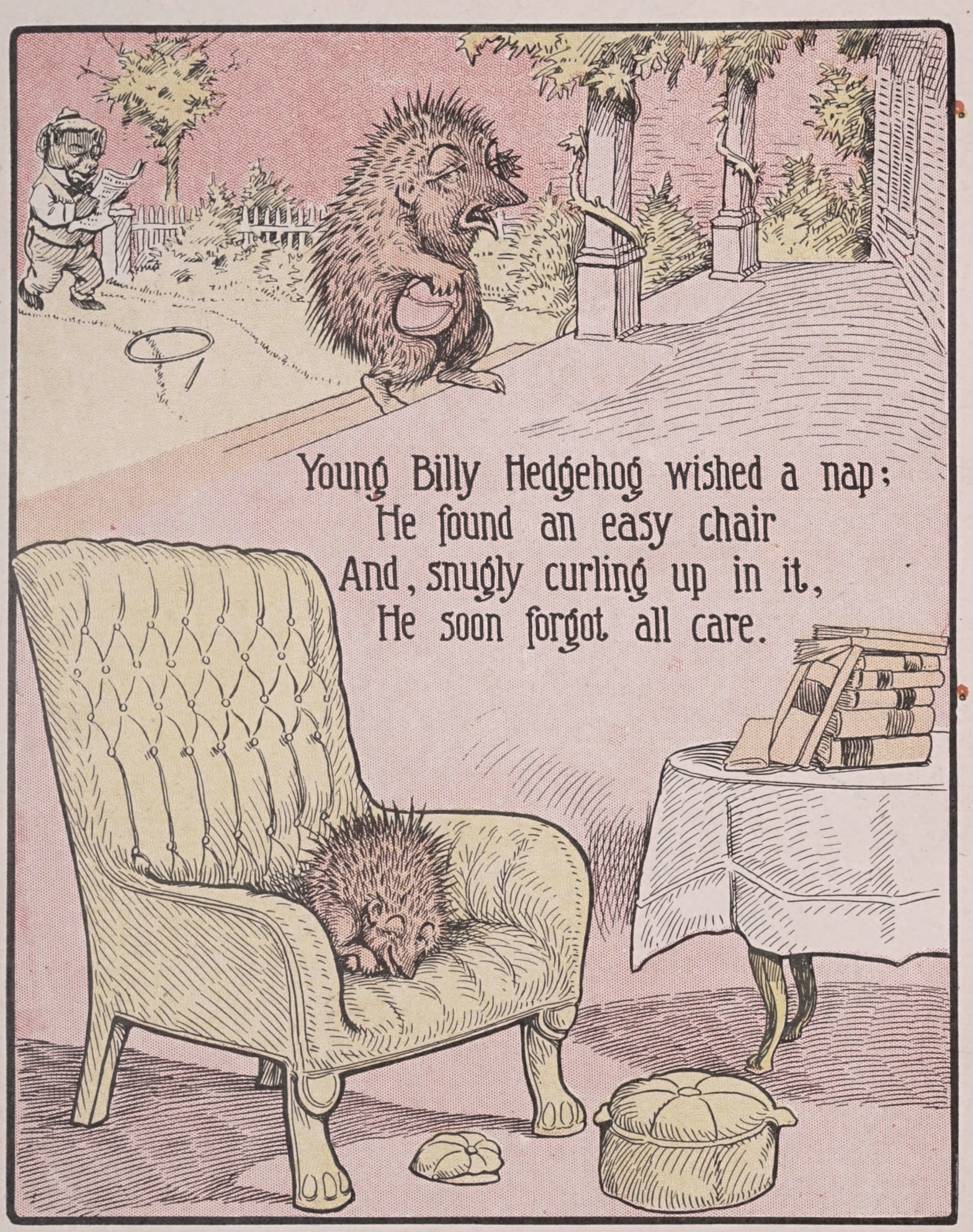



So they bought him a bottle or two
Of a medicine famous and new;
Then his hair grew so fast,
That the old bear at last
Had to braid it all up in a queue.

Small Wee-Wip was an Indian
Who, in a wigwam warm,
Dwelt snugly all the winter through
Quite safe from frost and storm.
But he had heard of Santa Claus
And so, when Christmas came,
He hung his deerskin moccasins
Upon the wigwam frame.

And sure enough, the good, old saint
That night came jingling by;
And, as he passed, the moccasins
Caught his observing eye.
But wigwams have no chimneys tall
Through which old Kriss can drop,
So Wee-Wip's Christmas gifts were left
Upon the wigwam top.

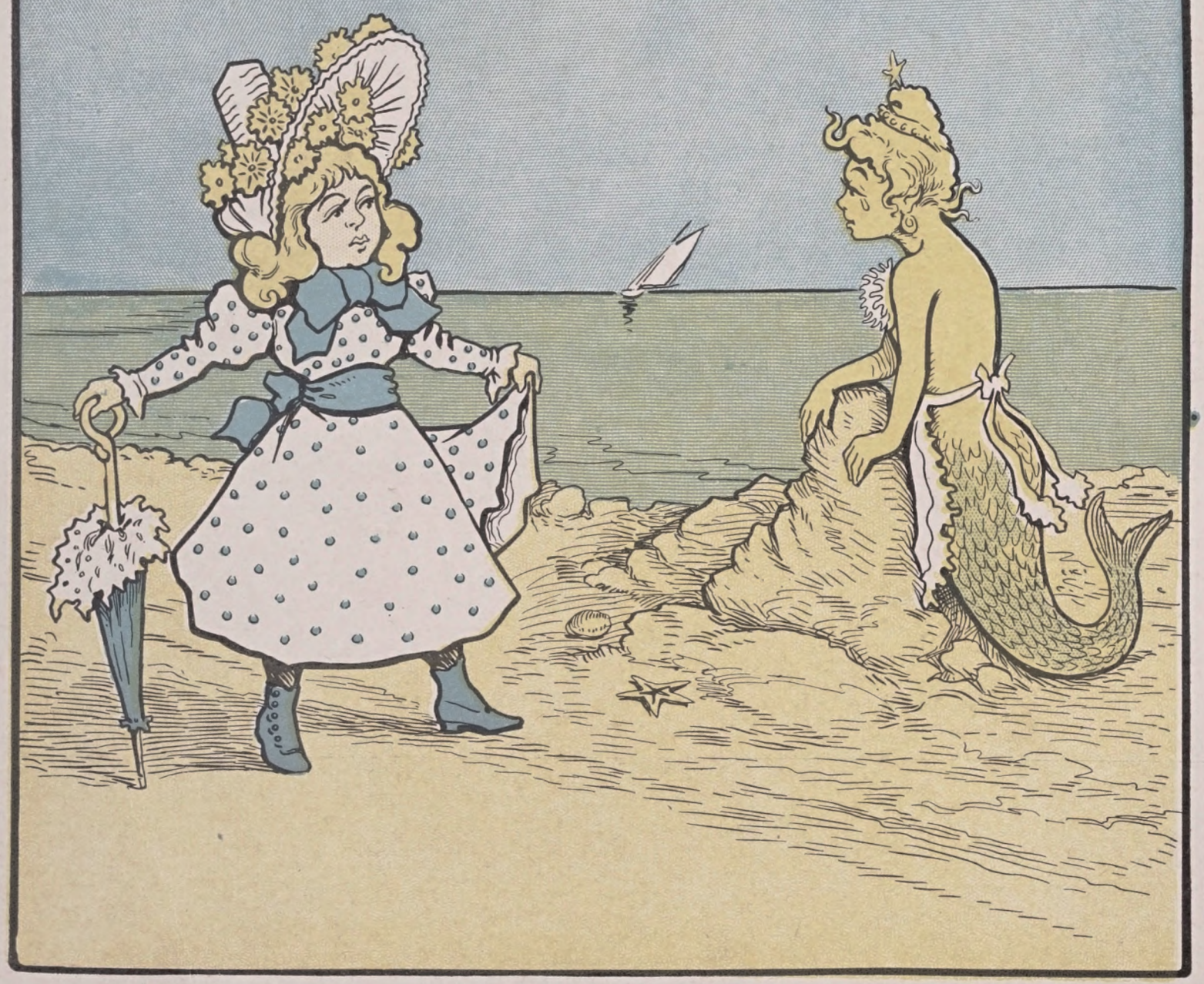




Young Billy Hedgehog wished a nap;
He found an easy chair
And, snugly curling up in it,
He soon forgot all care.

Grave old Judge Bruin wished to read,
For books were to his taste;
In that same chair he sat him down
But rose again in haste.

A little girl Mermaid sat down by the sea,
And mournful, dejected and tearful was she;
She wanted a shirtwaist all ironed stiff and nice,
But the ocean would take out the starch in a trice.

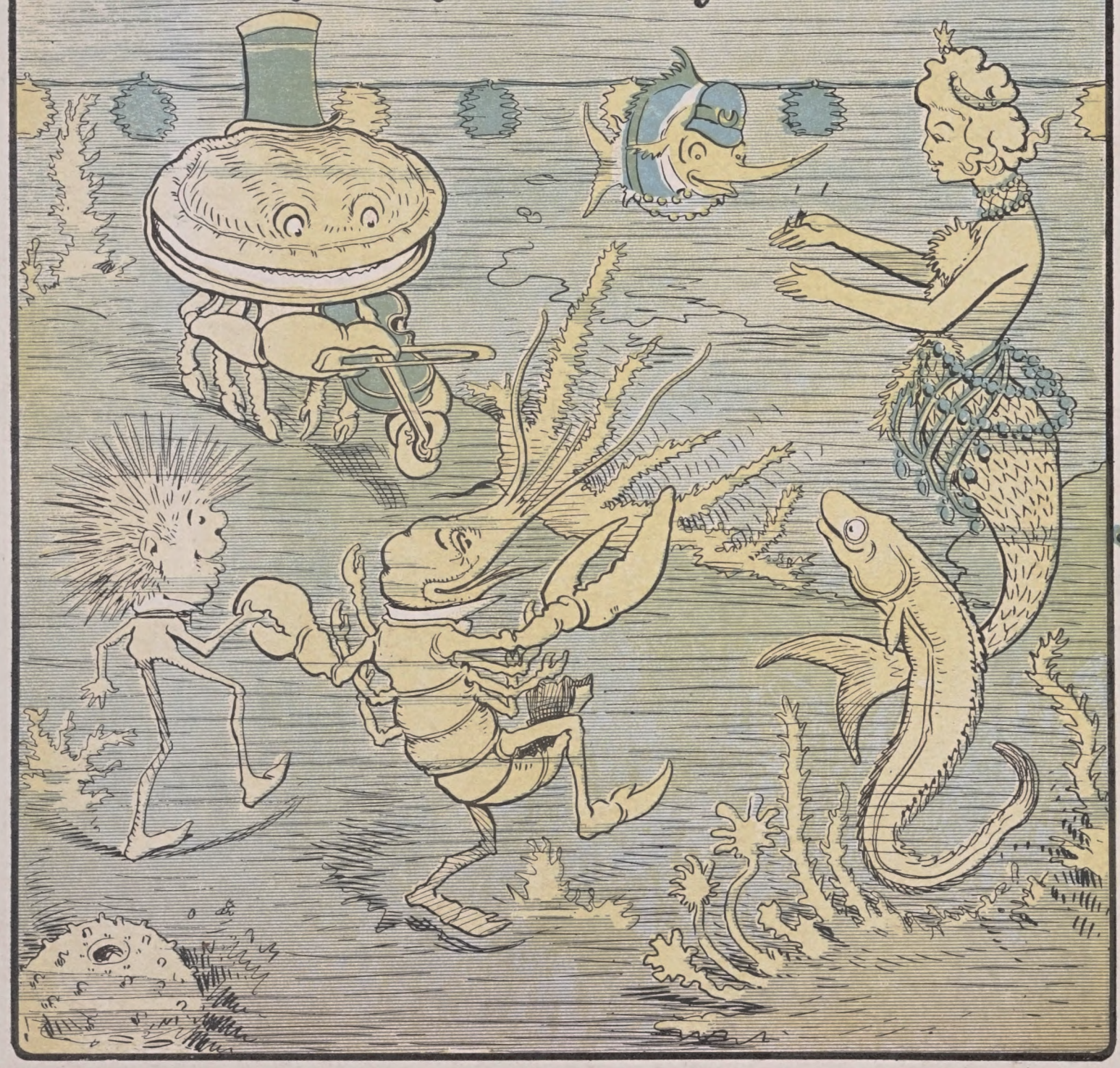


And she wanted blue shoes, for she thought them "so sweet,"
So she sobbed out afresh for she saw she'd no feet.
And she wept, and she wailed, and she sobbed, and she sighed,
Till her tears added salt to the salty sea's tide.

The little girl Mermaid dove down in the sea,
The crabs and the lobster folk hailed her with glee;
The squids, shrimps and starfish stood up in a row,
To welcome her back to her home down below.

Behind her sea-horses she went for a ride
Where brilliant hued ocean plants swayed in the tide.
'Twas pleasant indeed, and she thought with regret
That once she had wished to live out of the wet.

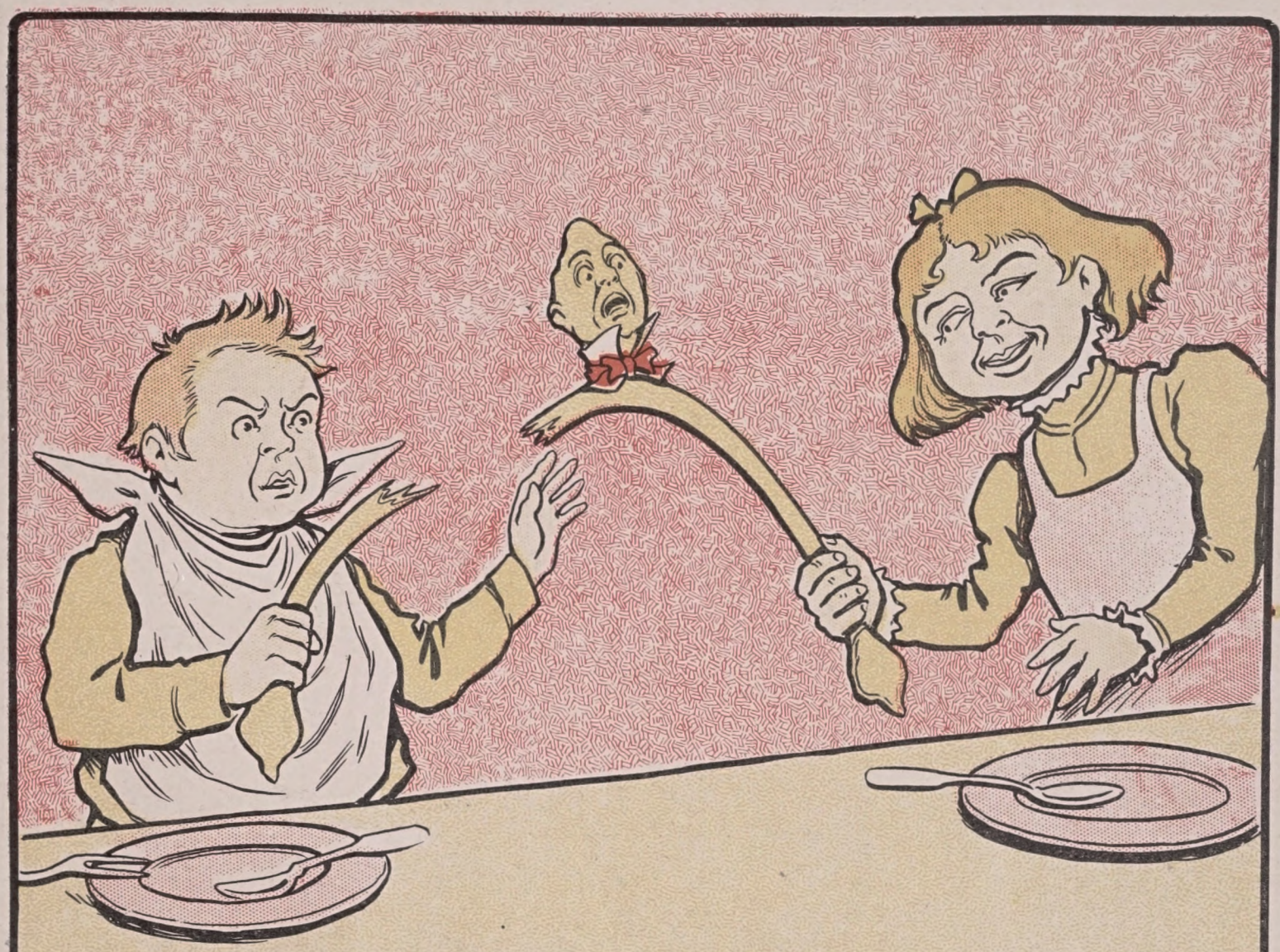
The little Girl Mermaid once bade her friends all
To come to a beautiful fancy dress ball.
The Fiddler Crabs fiddled for waltzes and reels
Which were gracefully danced by Squids, Lobsters and Eels.



The Flounders were awkward; they floundered about
Till Swordfish policemen escorted them out.
But with this exception, the ball had no flaw
And the Sawfish declared 'twas the best he e'er saw.

# The Proud Wishbone

The wishbone was a haughty thing
And high he held his head;
The Wing twins were but "common trash",
And Drumsticks too, he said.
"It's just as plain as anything
"That this is so", quoth he,
"For there are two of each of them
"But only one of Me."



And when two children at the feast
Each for the wishbone cried
The Wishbone said "I told you so"
And oh, he swelled with pride.
They took him each one by a foot
As children often do,
Then each one gave a sudden tug
And broke him right in two.

There was a dancing camel with a desert caravan;
His driver was a busy and an un-esthetic man,
Who made the camel work all day and gave him ne'er a chance
To lay his heavy load aside and do a fancy dance.

But when they reached a city and heard street musicians play,
The camel danced a step or two while jogging on his way,
And quickly people thronged about to wonder and to stare,
While the driver passed the hat and made his fortune then and there.

Young George Augustus William Bubb
Was far too dignified
To play at games like other boys -
They grated on his pride.
He did not know how kites are made,
Nor how to play at ball,
Nor how to skate, nor how to swim,
Nor anything at all.

Said Mrs. Robin breathlessly
"The frosts are nearly due,
This moving south is troublesome,
The baggage heavy, too."
Said Mr. Rob, "Oh, that's all right,
We'll bill the baggage through."
RB ROBIN
FLORIDA

# THE HAUGHTY COW

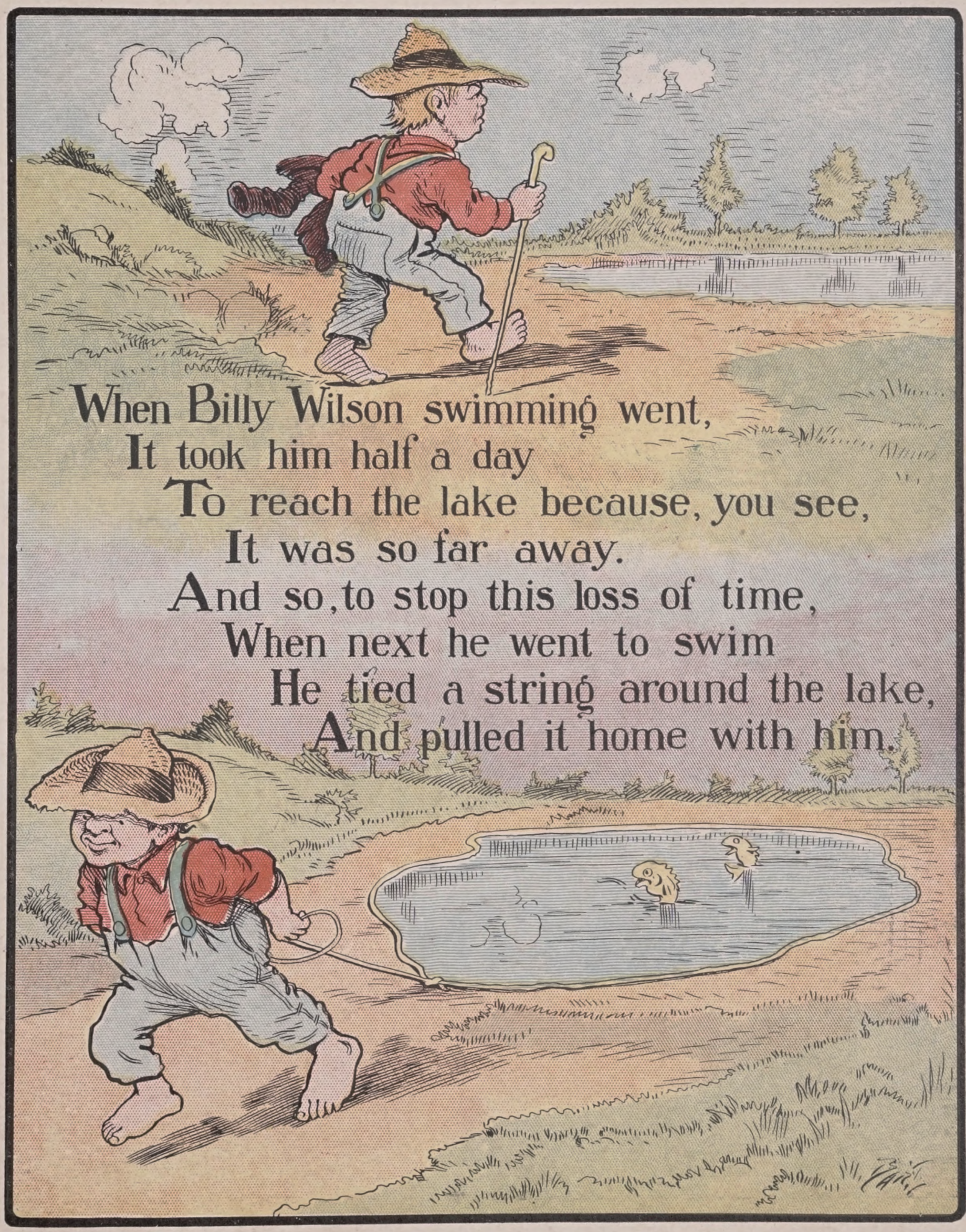
Said an acrobatic monkey
To the staid and stately cow:
"Come let us turn some handsprings;
"I will quickly show you how."
But old bossy shook her head,
"No indeed!" she sharply said,
"I have passed the age of nonsense
"And I'll not begin it now."

# THE PEANUT BIRD

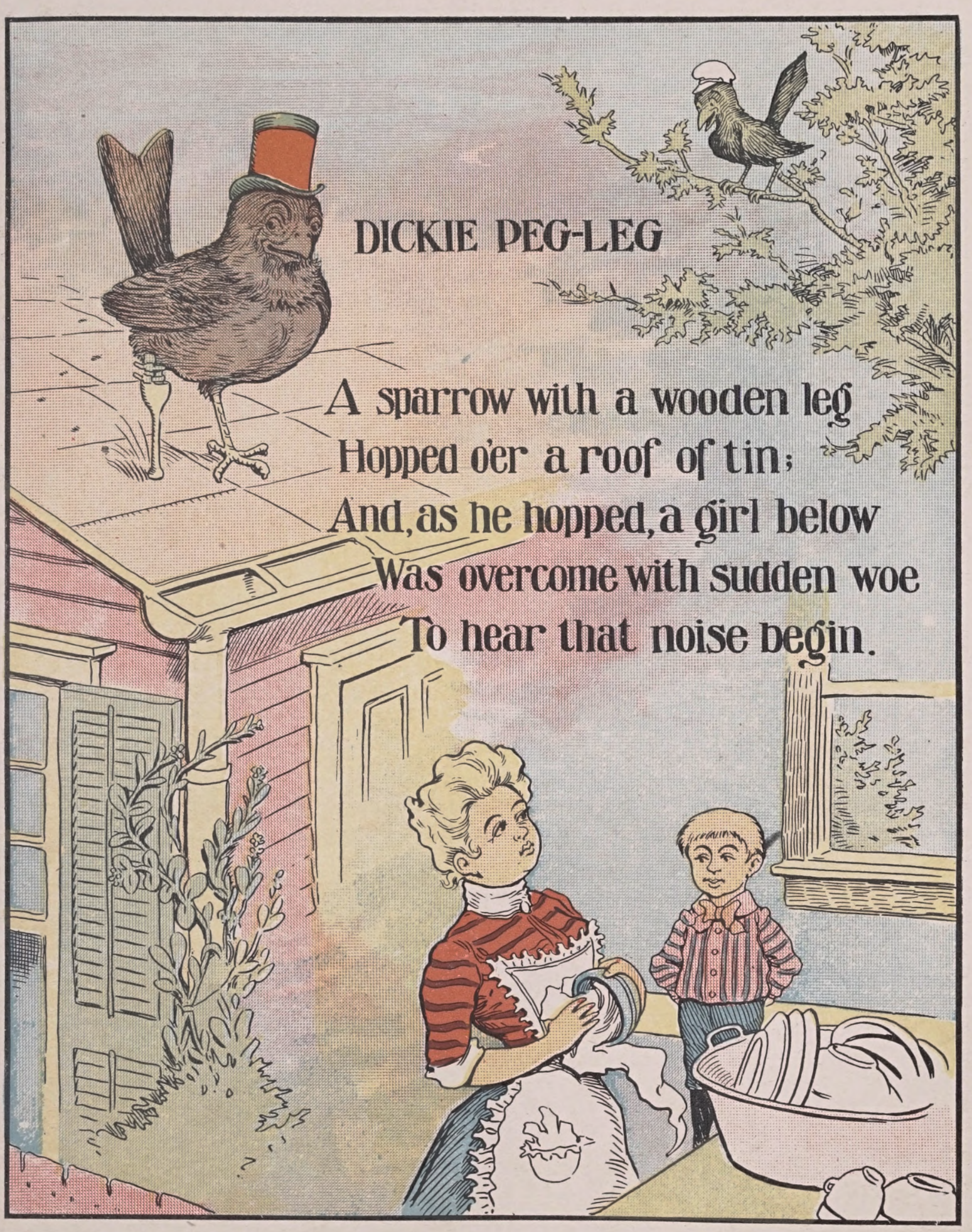
Deep in the forest, dark and still,
There lives the peanut bird;
It rarely walks, it seldom flies,
Its song is never heard.
No fear of hunters armed with salt
Will make this bird turn pale;
It can't be caught with salt you see,
Because it has no tail.

# THE DISAPPOINTED BAT

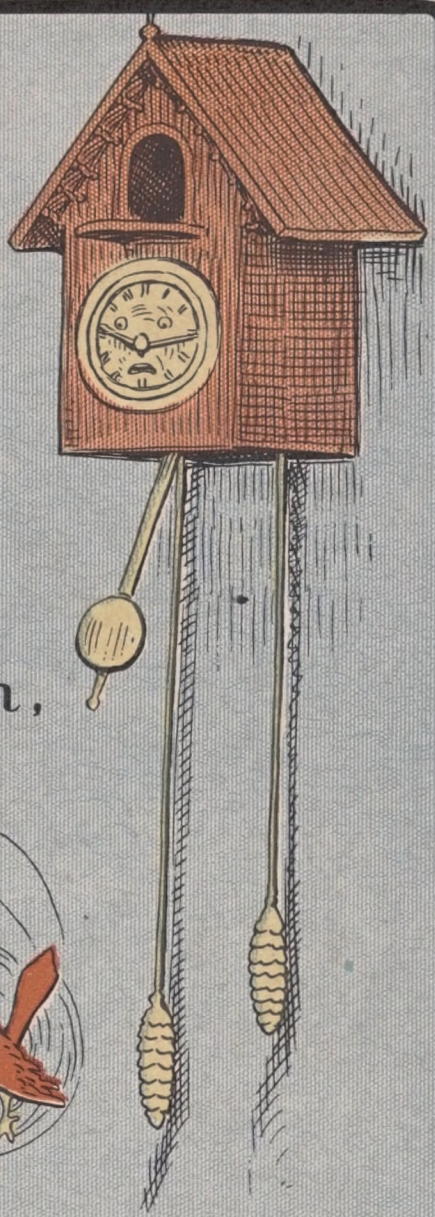
A bat played a hand organ out
in the street,
And carried a sign "I AM
BLIND";
But though all his music was
joyous and sweet,
His hearers, he thought,
were unkind;
For no-one who passed dropped a
coin in his hat,
But each said "Why of course; he's as
blind as a bat."



When Billy Wilson swimming went,
It took him half a day
To reach the lake because, you see,
It was so far away.
And so, to stop this loss of time,
When next he went to swim
He tied a string around the lake,
And pulled it home with him.

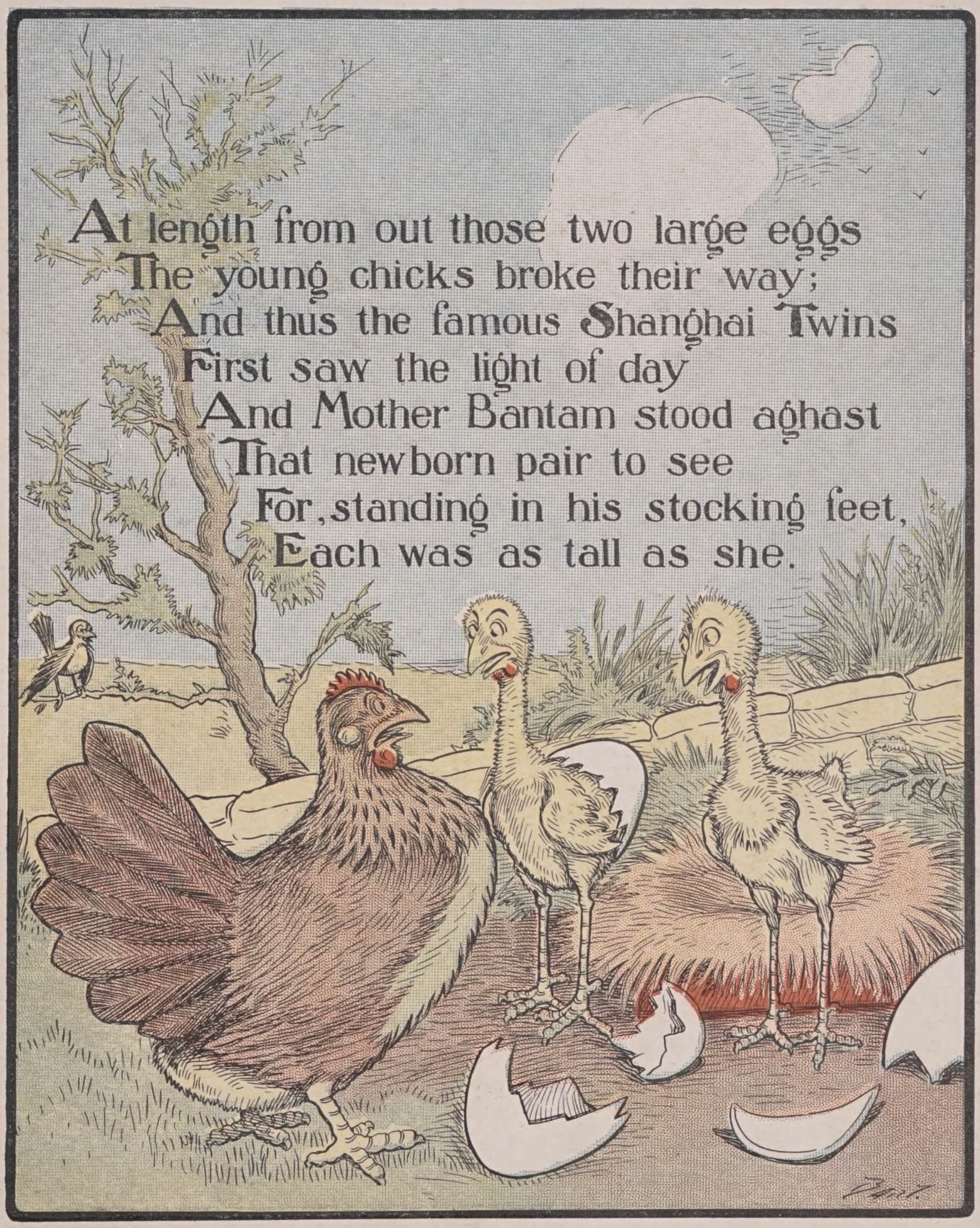

DICKIE PEG-LEG
A sparrow with a wooden leg
Hopped o'er a roof of tin;
And, as he hopped, a girl below
Was overcome with sudden woe
To hear that noise begin.

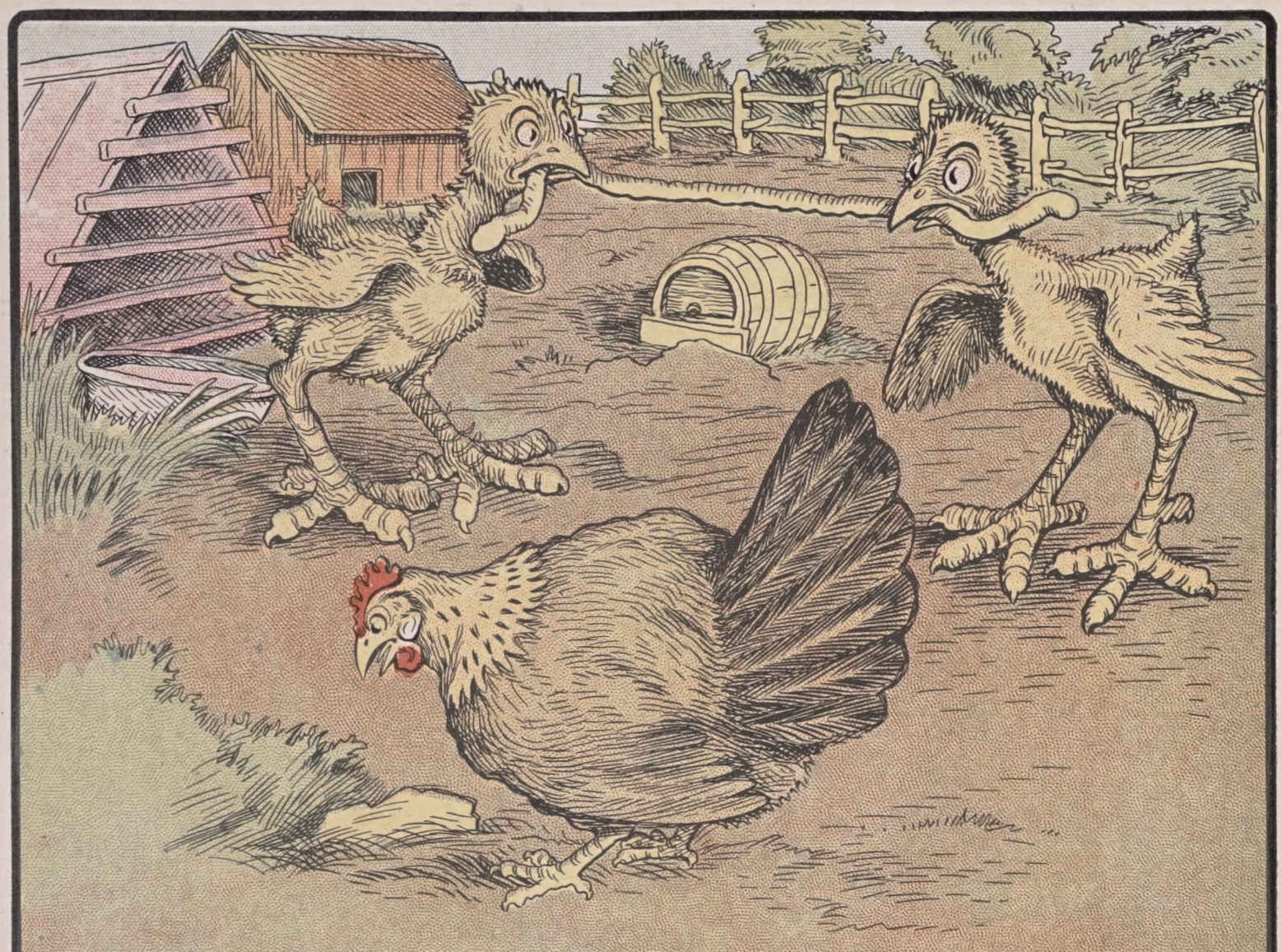
Young Johnny Bingle long had wished
To own a "truly" gun,
And so, when Christmas came again,
His father gave him one.
It had a barrel straight and true
A fancy walnut stock
And for his first game Johnny shot
The cuckoo in the clock.



# THE SHANGHAI TWINS.

As Mother Bantam roamed the field,
Of worms and bugs in quest,
She found two large and lonesome eggs
In a deserted nest.
"This makes my duty clear" said she,
"I'll stay and hatch them out."
And for three weeks that little hen
Was no more seen about.


At length from out those two large eggs
The young chicks broke their way;
And thus the famous Shanghai Twins
First saw the light of day
And Mother Bantam stood aghast
That newborn pair to see
For, standing in his stocking feet,
Each was as tall as she.

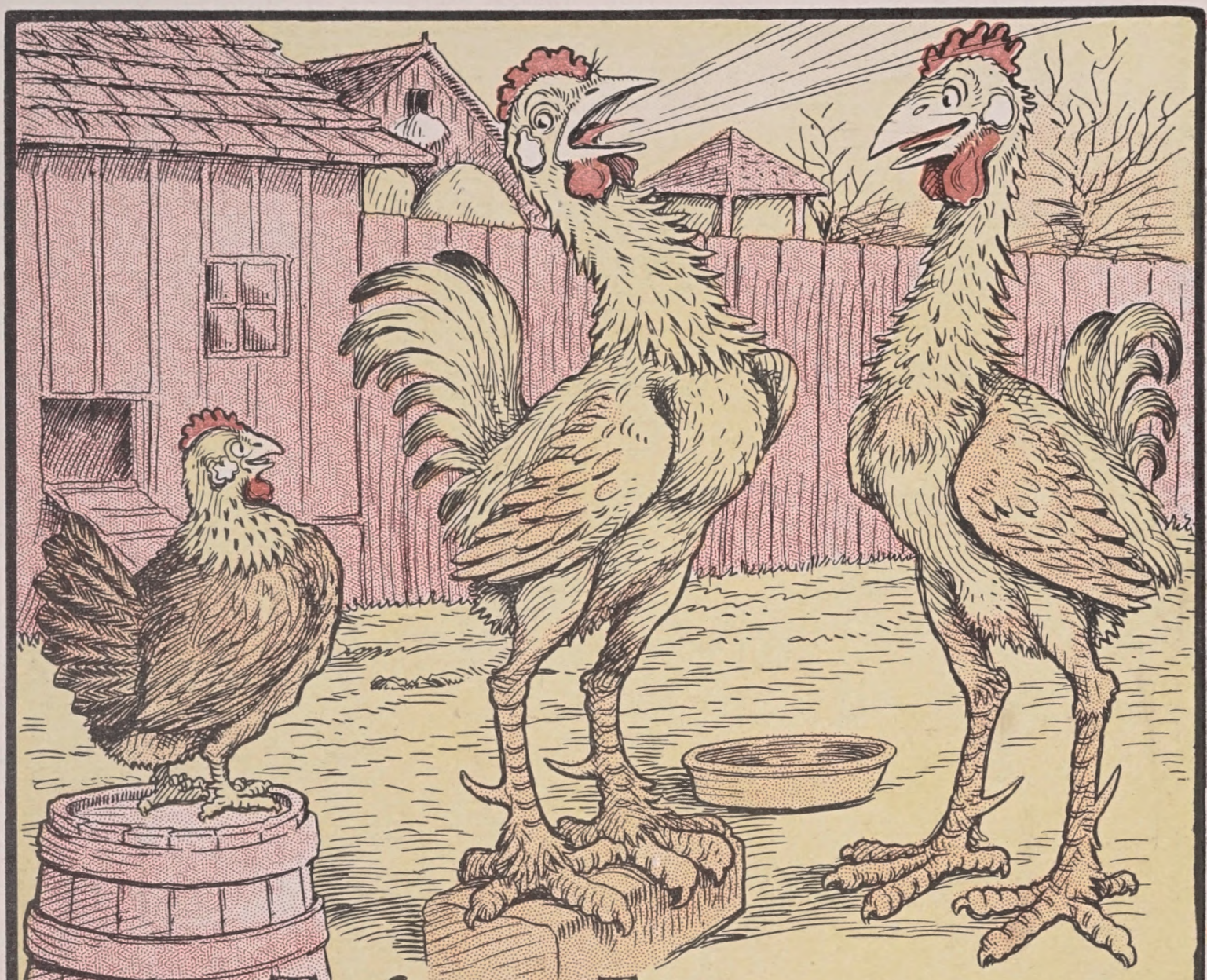


When Mother Bantam came to feed
The hungry Shanghai Twins,
She found she had an awful task
To fill them to their chins;
And, if they were not filled that full,
They clamored to be fed;
Until in running down their food
She worked till nearly dead.

With hoppers and with lady bugs.
With moths and worms and flies,
With grains of corn and crumbs of bread
She stopped their hungry cries.
Till finally she ran so much
To get them food to eat,
That she herself, worn out and starved,
Was overcome by heat.

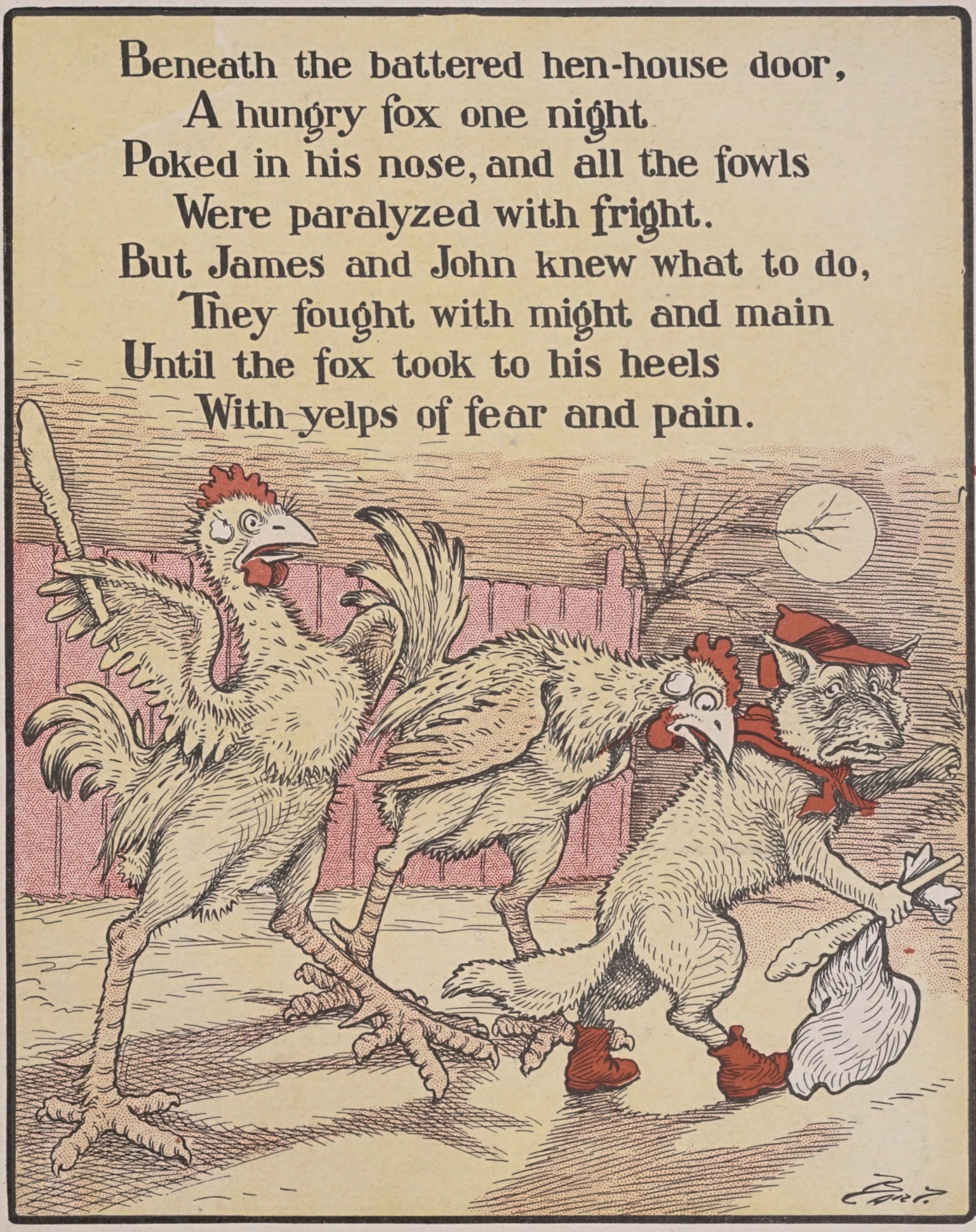
Said Mother Bantam to her twins:
"Since you two have been hatched,
"You have not found a single meal,
"You have not run nor scratched;
"I've fed you as a mother should.
"But you are stronger now
"And henceforth you must scratch for worms."
Cried they: "Please show us how."

She led them to the garden plot,
"Dig in your claws" said she,
"Just catch the dirt and push it back.
"It's easy; don't you see?"
"Ah yes," they cried and went to work
With all their main and might,
And, ere they knew what they had done,
They buried her from sight.



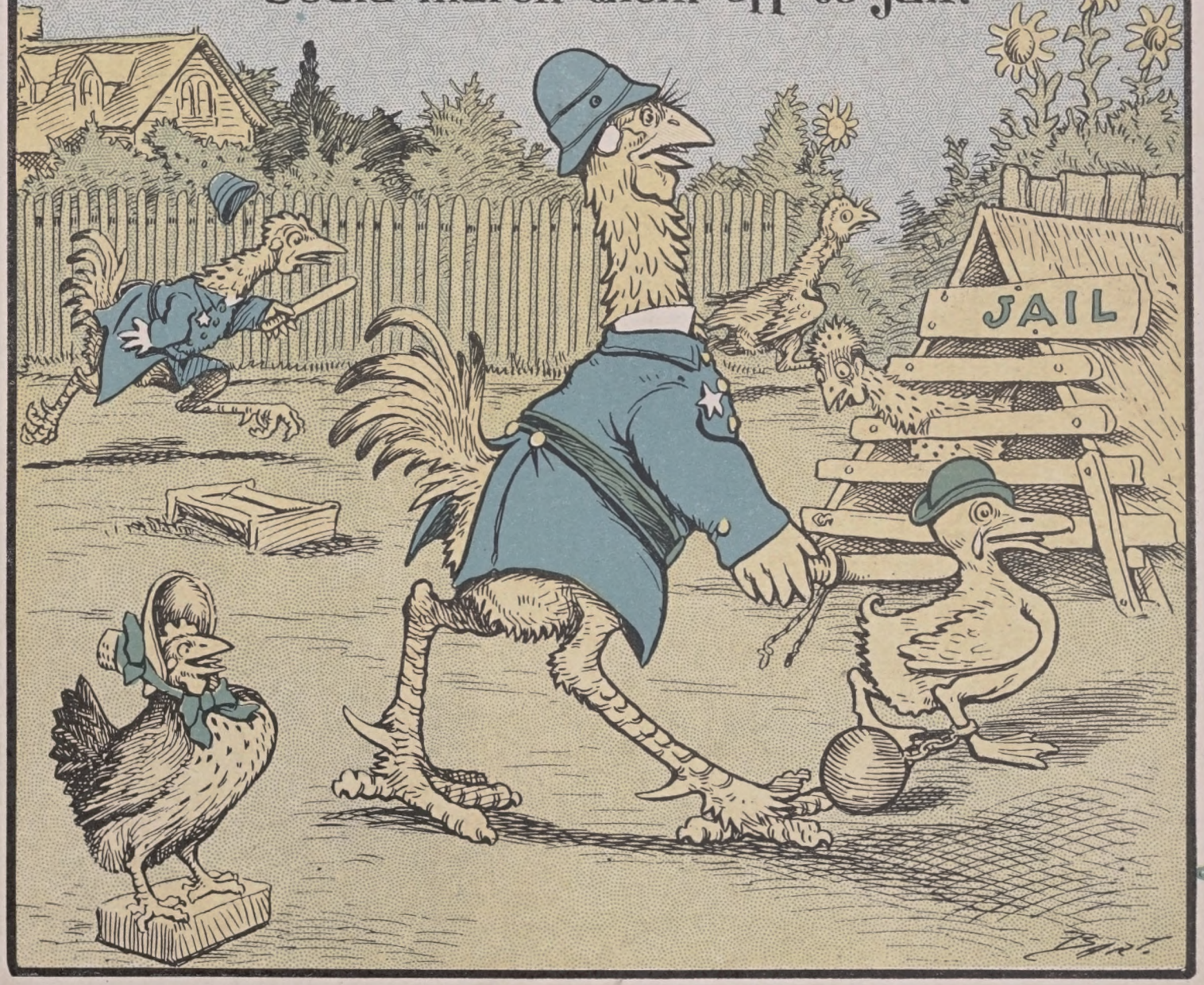
The Shanghai Twins came on apace;
So rapidly they grew,
That larger, stronger fowls than they
Became extremely few.
And Mother Bantam gazed with pride
Her foster sons upon:
The one of them was christened James,
The other one was John.

Beneath the battered hen-house door,
A hungry fox one night
Poked in his nose, and all the fowls
Were paralyzed with fright.
But James and John knew what to do,
They fought with might and main
Until the fox took to his heels
With yelps of fear and pain.

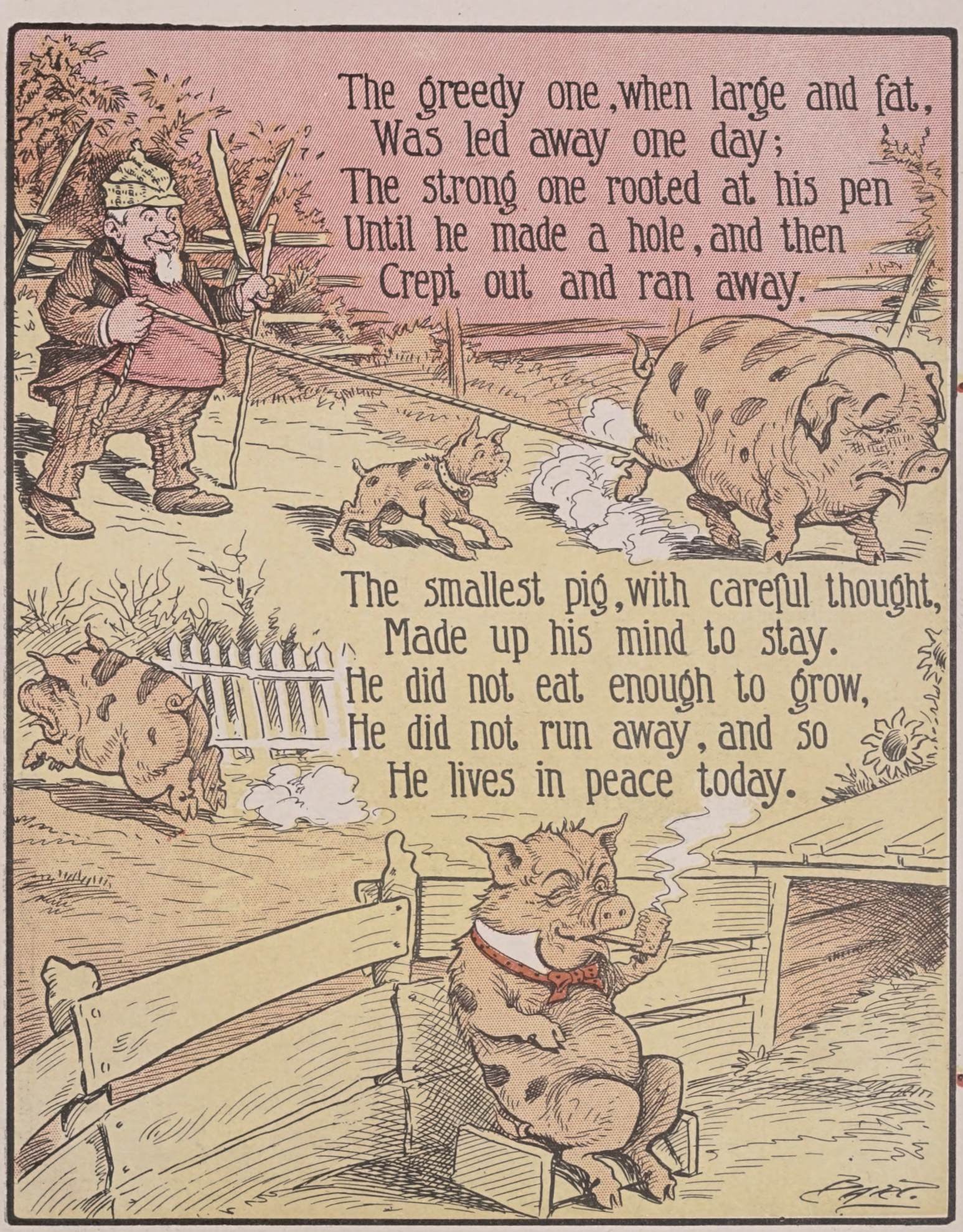


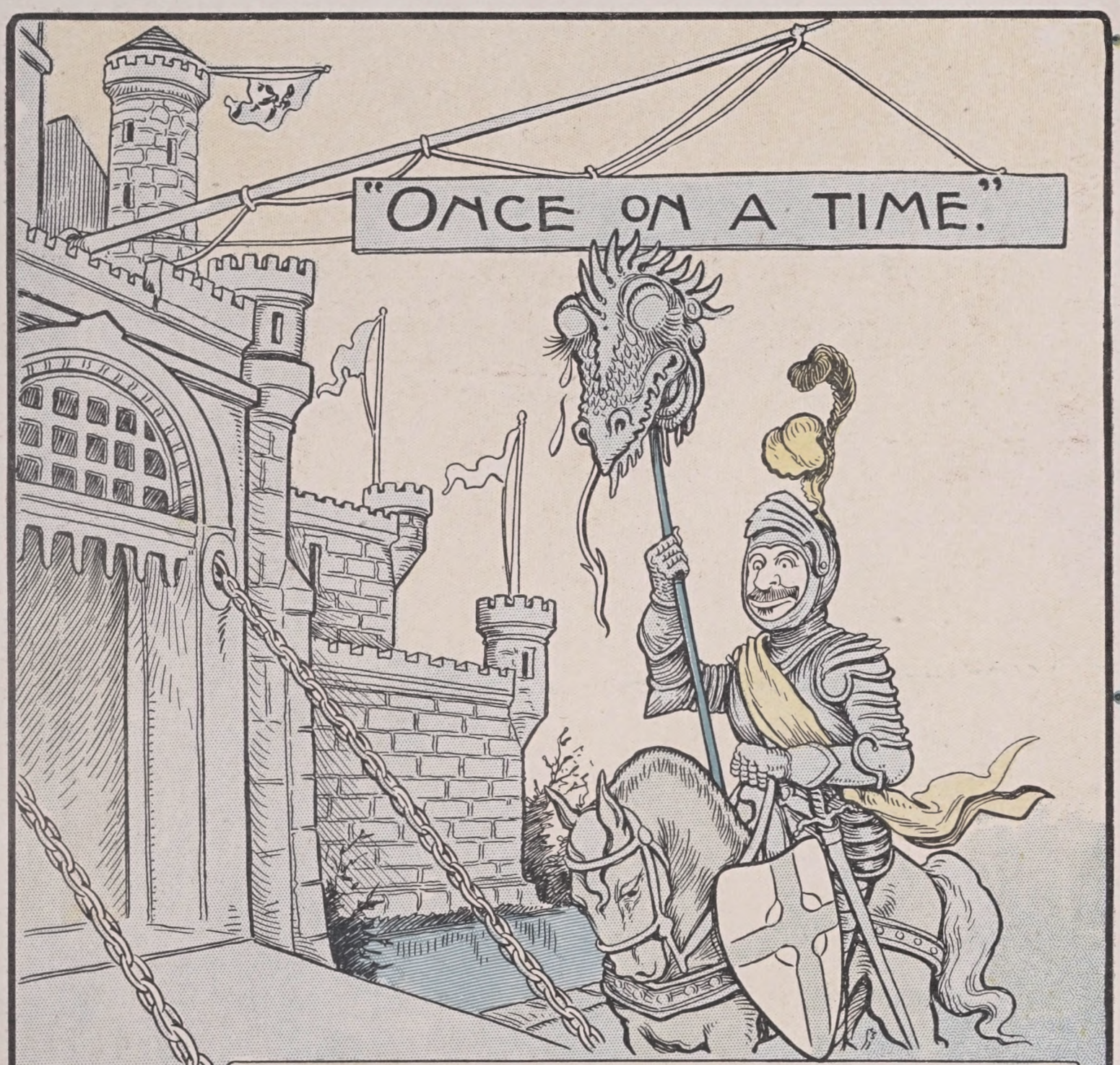
Now when the valiant Shanghai Twins
Had put a fox to flight,
They stood on guard to watch the house
The balance of the night
And, while they watched, the other fowls
Reposed in perfect peace:
So, after that, the Twins were named
As poultry yard police.

Each wore, to show his lofty rank,
A helmet, club and star,
And soon as faithful guardians
Their fame spread near and far.
The very mention of their names,
Made thieving fowls turn pale
For well they knew that John and James
Could march them off to jail.



Three young and interesting pigs
Once lived within a sty;
And one was greedy, one was strong,
And one was scarce a half yard long
And scant ten inches high.


The greedy one, when large and fat,
Was led away one day;
The strong one rooted at his pen
Until he made a hole, and then
Crept out and ran away.
The smallest pig, with careful thought,
Made up his mind to stay.
He did not eat enough to grow,
He did not run away, and so
He lives in peace today.




If you had lived "once on a time,"
Just as the story books all say,
Oh wouldn't it have been a sight
To see the knights with dragons fight
And bear their heads away.

And it was "once upon a time",
That little boys came to be kings;
That fairies flitted here and there
To little girls with presents rare-
Rich gowns and diamond rings.

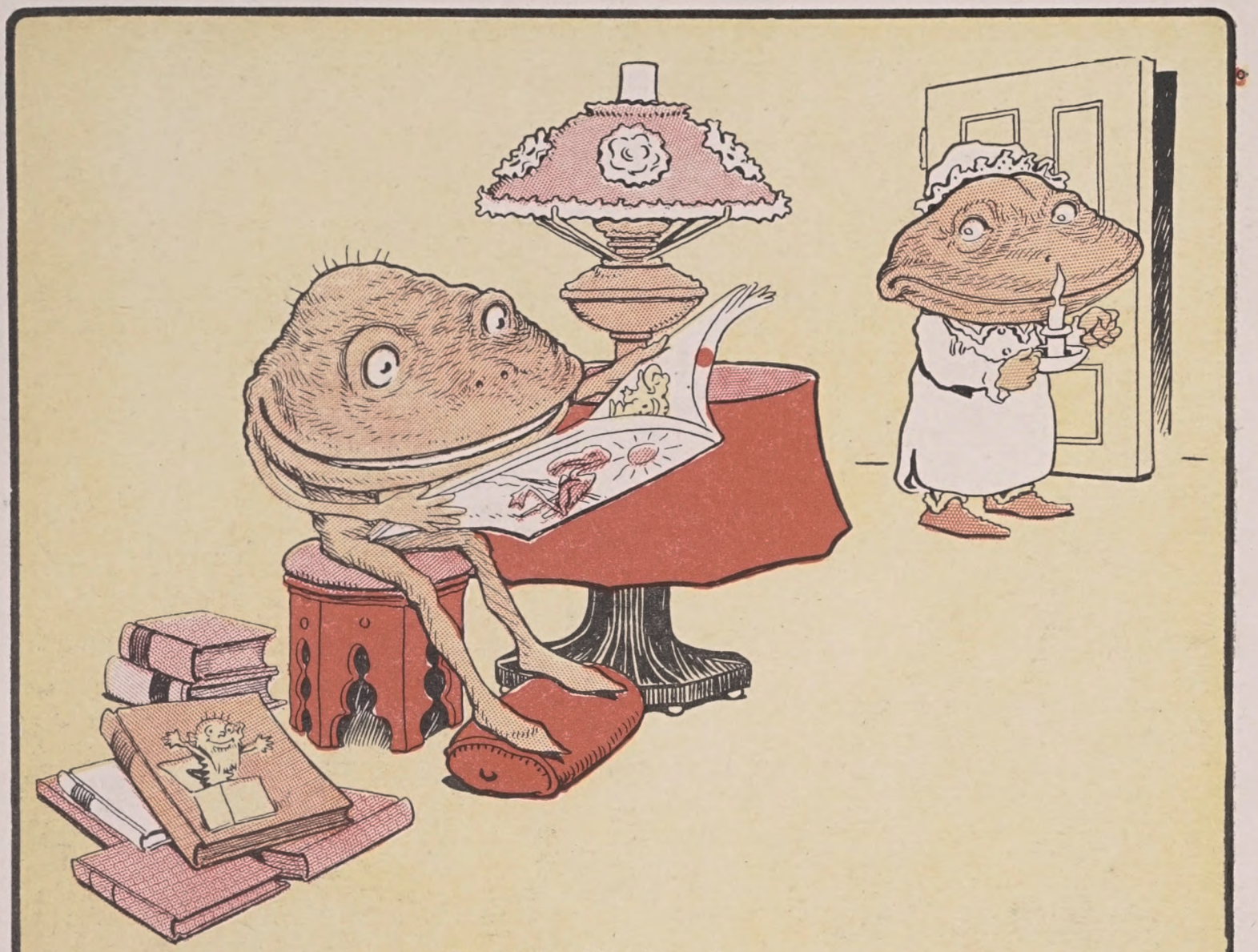
But now, dear me, how things are changed:
And yet, perhaps, 'tis just as well:
For, if 'twere not so long ago,
That all these wondrous things were so,
There'd be no tales to tell.

To Mr. Fox's barber shop,
The large important Mr. Bear
Once took his chubby, little son
To have the barber trim his hair.

The cloth was tucked about his neck
When, in the mirror large and tall,
He chanced to see another bear
And cuffed the glass to pieces small.

Perhaps there is a funny land
Where rabbits dress in long tailed coats,
And kittens all wear wooden shoes
And schools are taught by learned goats.

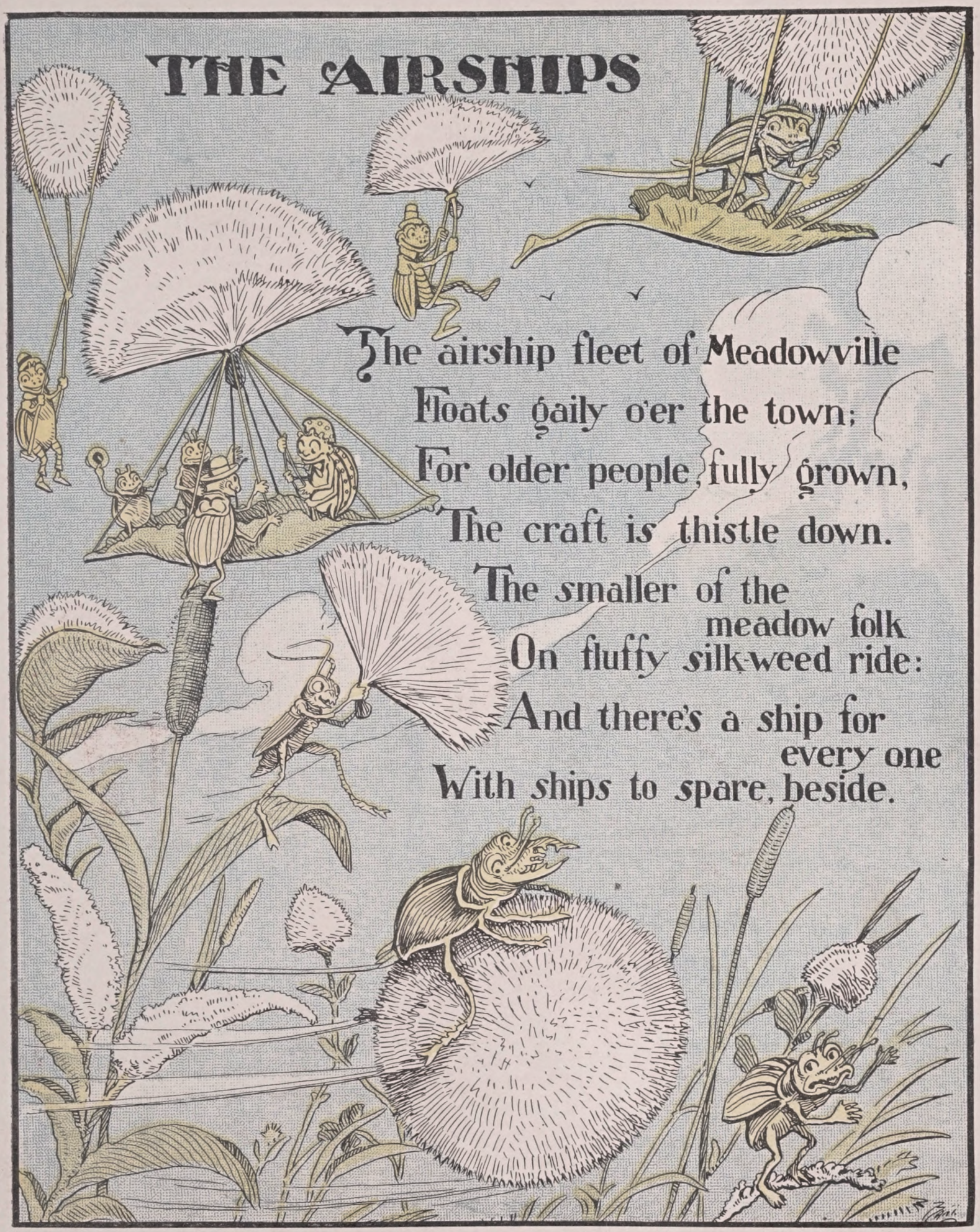
Where crocodiles play violins
And owls are decked in gowns and caps;
But if there is a land like this,
You can not find it on the maps.



A very foolish little clam
Each night sat up till very late;
His parents said repeatedly
That he should not thus dissipate.
But he would never heed their words:
He was too headstrong to obey
And thus he had so little sleep
That he was sleepy all the day.

One summer morning on the beach,
He opened wide his shell to yawn.
A big red bird came walking by-
A snap, a gulp - the clam was gone!
So, children, though you are too large
For any hungry bird to hold,
You see 'tis much the wiser plan
To go to bed when you are told.

# THE AIRSHIPS



The airship fleet of Meadowville
Floats gaily o'er the town;
For older people, fully grown,
The craft is thistle down.
The smaller of the
meadow folk
On fluffy silk-weed ride:
And there's a ship for
every one
With ships to spare, beside.

LGMr'25

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